The Post

NO. 616. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.] SUNDAY, JUNE 3, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

GREAT ARTILLERY AND AERIAL BATTLES ON WEST FRONT

BRITISH DRIVE BACK GERMAN RAIDERS.

EIGHT ENEMY AEROPLANES BROUGHT DOWN.

BIG GUNS THUNDERING FROM YPRES TO ST QUENTIN.

Sir Douglas Haig reports that a party of the enemy which attacked one of our posts south of Oppy was repulsed with loss.

Much valuable work was again accomplished by our airmen. One enemy machine was brought down, and six others were driven down out of control. Three of our aeroplanes are missing.

The Press Association special correspondent with the British Army states that our big guns are thundering from Ypres to St Quentin, and the Germans are giving evidence of great uneasiness as to what will be Sir Douglas Haig's next move.

The French report that from April 16 till yesterday the number of prisoners taken by Franco-British troops on the Western front exceeds 52,000, including 1000 officers. The gains in material include 446 heavy and field guns, and about 1000 machine guns.

It is reported that the Germans have tendered a very abject apology to Spain for the sinking of the Patricio. Germany offers to grant compensation to the families of the victims, and their warships will salute the Spanish flag with a salute of twenty-one guns.

GERMAN ATTACK FAILS.

British General Headquarters, France, Saturday, 8.45 p.m.

A party of the enemy which attacked one of our posts last night south of Oppy was repulsed with loss.

Artillery activity has continued during the day on both sides at different points along our front.

Our aeroplanes were active again yesterday, and much valuable work was accomplished.

In air fighting one German machine was brought down, and six others were driven down out of control.

Three of our aeroplanes are missing.

SMASHING A NEW WAY.

GREAT HAVOC BY BRITISH GUNS.

IRON CROSS OFFERED FOR PRISONERS.

(From Press Association Special Correspondent.)

British Headquarters,
France, June 2.

It is probably true to say that to-day we have got the Germans guessing harder than at any time since the week before the opening of the great Somme offensive.

Their papers are no longer preaching that our spring offensive has broken down, but are rather warning their docile readers to be prepared for another tremendous shock against Hindenburg's wall of steel.

The wall itself is developing a state of nervous liveliness which rather neutralises the appropriateness of the simile. Raiding reconnaissances and spasmodic outbursts of shell-fire have been the chief features of enemy activity during the past week, clearly symptomatic of the feeling of uncertainty which is now perturbing the Germans.

A wounded Hun, who was left behind in a recent unsuccessful raid upon a northern sector, stated that his company commander had promised an Iron Cross and ten days' leave to any man who brought back prisoners, as it was essential to learn just what we were doing and what we contemplated doing. There is certainly little enough to be learnt from what is actually happening along our front.

Our guns are keeping up a deliberate thunder from Ypres to St Quentin. The fact is that wire-cutting and trench obliteration is being steadily carried out by our gunners almost all along the line, and this destructive warfare must in itself be a nerve-racking and demoralising to the enemy. Meanwhile the Germans, who are being driven to forlorn hopes as their dreams of victory fade away one after another, are now seeking to derive comfort from the alleged colossal losses we suffered in the Arras battle.

So far the military critic of the Berliner Tageblatt has added together the whole of the officer casualties published by our War Office since the offensive began, and states that as one lost officer represents forty lost men we have sacrified over two hundred thousand troops thus far. The only comment it is worth while making upon this is that the proportions given are not correct.

They might apply to the German Army, in which the principle of conserving officers is very much more practised than in our own, even to the extent of resulting in prisoners openly complaining that they are not led as they should be. Not that I am suggesting the question to be one of courage; it is one of system.

Of the total which the Berliner Tageblatt gives, some four-fifths are wounded, and of these again probably about fifty per cent. are now back with their units. Therefore the German newspaper is basing its calculations on our losses, not upon the ratio of forty to one, but on something more like two hundred to one, admitting it as legitimate to include in the computation all casualties absent from the line.

I believe that the average proportion of casualties of our officers and men in an attacking battalion would be very much nearer twenty to one.

BELGIAN REPRISALS.

Havre, Saturday.

The Belgian official communique report is as follows:—

During the past week there has been great activity by our reconnoitring detachments, which attacked in particular the enemy posts near Kloosterhook and Ferryman's House. A number of German prisoners were brought to our lines.

An enemy detachment attempted to attack one of our posts near Ferryman's House, but was driven back by our infantry fire. The artillery struggle has been fairly lively in front of Ramscapelle, Peroyse, and Dixmude, as well as in the region of Steenstraete, where frequent bombing struggles and many aerial reconnaissances took place.

As a reprisal for the bombardment of Fortham by enemy aeroplanes during a night flight we bombarded the hostile cantonments of Pratsboch.

OVER 52,000 PRISONERS.

THE FRANCO-BRITISH HAUL.

SEVEN GERMAN AEROPLANES BROUGHT DOWN

Paris, Saturday.

The following French official communique was issued to-night:—

Both artilleries showed particular activity in the course of the afternoon in the region to the north of Laffaux towards Hurtebis, and on the California and Craonne plateaux.

There is no important event to report on the rest of the front.

From April 16 till to-day the number of prisoners taken by the Franco-British troops on the Western front exceeds 52,000, including more than 1000 officers.

Among the large amount of material taken from the enemy during the same period are 446 heavy and field guns, about a thousand machine guns, and a considerable number of trench pieces.

Aviation.—On the day of June 1 five German aeroplanes fell in flames or crashed to the ground as the result of fights with our pilots.

Latest information shows that two other German machines were brought down, one on May 27, the other on May 30.

Warrant-Officer Fonck has brought down five German machines to date.

GERMAN GARRISON ENTOMBED.

FRENCH SMASH THE CORNILLET TUNNEL.

Press Camp, French Headquarters,
France, Saturday.

Typical of the enormous power of the German defensive organisations in Champagne is the Mont Cornillet Tunnel, which, after a resistance of weeks, fell to the French as the result of a brilliant attack on the summit.

Mont Cornillet is the westernmost of the Moronvilliers chain of crests. From a height of nearly seven hundred feet it dominates the plain eastward as far as Nogent L'Abbesse, and northward it overlooks Nouroy.

The southern face of the crest towards the French was defended by a line of trenches protected by wire in front, and linked up with similar strong points on the lower flanking crests and each side of the mountain. To feed the front line on the southern side with men in case of attack the Germans had cut a tunnel clean through the hill, in which three battalions could be sheltered, with supplies and munitions enough to stand a siege of ten days.

Three entrances connected by galleries with a transverse gallery within the hill gave access to the tunnel on the southern slope of the crest. The tunnel was ventilated by shafts opening on the hill, and the air in the galleries was kept moving by powerful fans. Not unnaturally, the enemy looked on the place as impregnable.

Tunnel Intact.

On April 17, when the French in the first attack established themselves on the Moronvillers Hills, the crest of Cornillet held out. The French were only able to smash defences on the southern side of the hill and capture a portion of the encircling trench. The tunnel and its entrances remained intact, and the Germans set to work on a second trench higher up, whence they looked down on the precarious French position captured on the seventeenth.

For weeks no progress could be made in face of a stream of perfectly fresh troops which the Germans were able to launch at any minute from the safe shelters within the tunnel. The final attack was postponed until it was possible to concentrate enough artillery of the heaviest calibre to wreck at least the entrances of the tunnel and render it unusable.

A rain of shells was maintained night and day around the entrances, so that the German sappers were unable to work on or even to approach them. Meanwhile very big shells were being methodically dropped on the entrances and on the roof of the tunnel.

Garrison's Tomb.

One struck a ventilation shaft above a point from which the mine galleries radiate, and wrecked the entire place, including the commandant's quarters, besides choking up the galleries and asphyxiating a large number of the garrison. At that moment the garrison numbered about five hundred infantry, two machine-gun companies, and four sections of sappers, medical, wireless, and other details. The troops were led by two battalion commanders, both of whom were killed by this shell, when some hours later the French infantry swept over the crest. The tunnel was entirely cut off, and the whole garrison either crushed, asphyxiated, or captured.—P.A. Special Correspondent.

BAN ON PACIFIST CONVENTION.

OUTDOOR MEETINGS PROHIBITED AT LEEDS.

HOME OFFICE TAKE ACTION AGAINST SOCIALISTS

London, Saturday.

The Home Office have sent a telegram to the authorities in Leeds prohibiting all outdoor meetings in connection with the Socialist Convention to be held in the city this week-end.

The action has been taken under the Defence of the Realm Act. Posters have been issued to this effect, but no reference is made to the indoor metings to be held to-morrow in the Coliseum.

The National Labour and Socialist Convention will, according to present arrangements, be held to-morrow in the Coliseum, Leeds, instead of in the Albert Hall, the use of the latter building having been refused.

In connection with the Convention there were to have been open-air demonstrations on Sunday evening in Victoria Square, but, acting on the authority of the Home Office, the Lord Mayor banned the contemplated assemblage.

To Prevent Disorder.

The Chief Magistrate to-day received the following telegram:—

"The Secretary of State, in pursuance of Regulation 9a of the Defence of the Realm Regulations, authorises you and the chief constable jointly by order to prohibit the holding of any proposed meeting or proposed meetings in any public place to-day or to-morrow if you are satisfied that the assembly of persons for the holding of such meeting or meetings will give rise to grave disorder, and thereby cause undue demands to be made upon the police.—Under-Secretary."

After the receipt of the foregoing communication the following notice was posted:—

City of Leeds—Prohibition of Public Meetings.

We, the undersigned, acting under special authority conferred upon us by the Secretary of State for Home Affairs, in pursuance of Regulation 9A of the Defence of the Realm Regulations, do prohibit the holding of outdoor meetings in connection with the Convention to be held on June 3, 1917.

GEORGE ARNOLD, Lord Mayor.
BURNS LINDLEY, Chief Constable.
Town Hall, Leeds, June 2, 1917.

Hotel Accommodation Refused.

Owing to the refusal of hotel accommodation to delegates, rooms at the Leeds Trades Hall and the Engineers' Club are being utilised, and lodgings are also provided in Bradford, the situation being further relieved by the extension of hospitality by local Socialists to many of those arriving from a distance.

At some Leeds hotels the instruction given by the management to the staffs was:—

"Any lady or gentleman requiring bedroom, or any accommodation whatever, must be asked if he or she is taking part in the Labour Convention in Leeds on Sunday. If the reply is in the affirmative, all accommodation must be refused, and no reason given with such refusal."

Those citizens of Leeds who object to the holding of the Convention in the city are said to include trade unionists and members of the Suffragist organisations.

GERMANY'S NEW NOTE TO SPAIN.

OFFERS TO SALUTE SPANISH FLAG.

Madrid, Saturday.

It is believed in well-informed political circles here that the German reply to the Spanish Nate regarding the sinking of the Patricio is couched in extremely cordial terms, and states that the vessel was not torpjedoed and that the submarine had no intention of sinking the ship but only desired to stop her.

The vessel, it says, did not stop, and a shell fired by the submarine struck her hull. The German Government expresses its regret at the death of the engineer, and announces it will grant compensation to his family. The German Note adds that there was never an yintention of inflicting damage on Spain or insulting her flag, and that if these explanations are considered insufficient Germany is ready to salute the Spanish flag.

On the first possible occasion German warships will pass before a Spanish ship flying the Spanish flag, and each German warship fire a salute of twenty-one guns.

MEETING OF SPANISH CABINET.

Madrid, Saturday.

The Minister of the Interior, Senhor Buiell, denies categorically all rumours of a political crisis. The Cabinet, the Minister says, will remain in power, provided, of course, no accident of an unforeseen character should occur.

MUNITIONS BILL DELAYED.

GOVERNMENT NEGOTIATES WITH THE ENGINEERS.

IMPORTANT AMENDMENTS.

London, Saturday Night.

The Ministry of Munitions announces that the further stages of the Munitions of War Bill in the House of Commons will not be taken until certain negotiations now in progress have been concluded.

Dr Addison is in consultation with the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and other trade unions affected by the Bill, as well as with representatives of employers, with the object of securing a general understanding of the provisions of the Bill, and of coming to an agreement in regard to the amendments proposed by various organisations.

These amendments include a proposal that before the principle of dilution is applied to private work of any particular class public notice shall be given and opportunity afforded for consultation, if necessary, with the parties concerned.

Concurrently with these negotiations on the Bill Dr Addison is taking the opportunity of ascertaining whether he can include in the Bill certain amendments of the Munitions of War Acts in respect of leaving certificates and other matters which have been found to cause inconvenience and unrest.

The negotiations are proceeding satisfactorily, and will be carried through as expeditiously as possible.

INCREASE IN ENGINEERING WAGES.

New Clause In Munitions Bill.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

Considerable misapprehension seems to prevail with regard to the award of the Committee of Production in respect of the wages of employees in the engineering and foundry trades.

This award, which began to operate on 1st April last, was limited in its application to the members of the societies included in the Engineering Employers' Federation who are engaged in the Federated shops and foundries, and its general effect has been to increase the wages of men 5s per week, and the wages of boys and youths 2s 6d per week.

There is no foundation for the statement widely circulated in some parts of the country that the Minister of Munitions has authorised an advance of 5s per week to munition workers irrespective of the trades in which they are employed, but the Minister has undertaken to extend the award of the Committee of Production so as to make it applicable to the employees of all unfederated firms in the engineering and foundry trades under his control, and a clause has been inserted in the Munitions of War Bill to empower this extension.

Meantime as a result of the action of the Minister of Munitions the award of the Committee of Production has been adopted universally throughout the engineering and foundry trades. The award has also been voluntarily adopted by the Midland Employers' Federation, with its 337 members, and by other branches of the metal trades not directly affected by the decision of the Committee, while over a wide area the chemical industry advances of 5s per week have been given to men and 2s 6d a week to boys and youths by award or agreement.

GLASGOW SHOOTING TRAGEDY.

GIRL FATALLY INJURED.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

A painful affair was reported to the Glasgow Central Police to-night of a girl being fatally shot.

Between nine and ten o'clock a woman named Margaret Devine or Smith was at a rifle range on a piece of vacant ground in Moncur Street, off Gallowgate. She was handling a loaded rifle, when the weapon from some cause unknown went off, and the bullet struck a girl named Elizabeth Campbell, thirteen and a half years of age, who resided at 14 Main Street, Calton, above the right eye.

The unfortunate girl was removed with all speed to the Royal Infirmary, but she died in less than an hour after being shot and before the surgeons in the institution could perform an operation.

The woman Devine or Smith was taken into custody pending the police making inquiries into the tragic affair.

ENEMY BASES BOMBED.

GREAT ALLIED AIR RAIDS.

47 MACHINES BROUGHT DOWN.

London, Saturday Night.

Within the last few days there has been great aerial activity on the part of the Allies over the Western front.

Following the raids on Ghent, enemy bases at Ostend, Zeebrugge, and Bruges, and the aerodrome at St Denis, Westrem, have been successfully attacked, several tons of explosives having been dropped.

While these attacks may be regarded as replies to the German raid on Folkstone, there is this very important difference, that the Allied attacks have been made only on naval and military objectives.

SEVERAL TONS OF EXPLOSIVES DROPPED.

AERODROMES AND BASES ATTACKED.

London, Saturday.

The Secretary of the British Admiralty makes the following announcement:—

An aeroplane attack was made on the enemy's aerodrome at St Denis, Westrem, yesterday morning, and last night naval aeroplanes and seaplanes attacked the German bases at Zeebrugge, Ostend, and Bruges, dropping several tons of explosives.

FRENCH AIRMAN'S GREAT FEAT.

Forty-Third Enemy Machine Brought Down.

Paris. Saturday.

The last batch of five enemy aeroplanes brought down by Captain Guynemer, bringing up his total bag to 43, all fell in flames, and very warm work it was.

Dashing at a group of German flyers, he singled out a couple of them, and sent them down one after the other with extraordinary rapidity. His other foes prudently made off.

Guynemer found that in the course of his cruise he had expended nearly all his ammunition. He had only three bullets left, so he thought it time to return to quarters. Suddenly within a few hundred yards of the French aerodrome, he perceived an impudent Boche aviator.

Three bullets were not many, but Guynemer would not miss the opportunity of a combat. He fired his last cartridges, and very soon saw his antagonist turn over and collapse in flames in the French lines.

SUPREMACY OF THE AIR.

Forty-Seven Enemy Machines in a Week.

London, Saturday.

The following are the results of air fighting on the Western front, as given in the British bulletins published this week:—

German aeroplanes brought down or otherwise put out of action, ... 57

British aeroplanes brought down or missing, ... 18

The results of the past fortnight's air fighting on the French front are as follows:—

Thirty-two enemy machines completely destroyed.

Fifty-seven other machines seriously damaged.

In the German bulletins published this week it is claimed that 52 Allied aeroplanes and five captive balloons have been brought down.

U.S. AIRMEN IN FRANCE.

Wanted At Home As Instructors.

New York Saturday.

The Government is negotiating with the French authorities for the return of the American aerial squadron, the men being wanted to train aviators.

GERMANS CLAIM 12,737 PRISONERS IN MAY.

"CROWN PRINCE'S SUCCESSFUL ATTACK."

Amsterdam, Saturday.

To-day's German official communique says:—

Army Group of Crown Prince Ruprecht.—The artillery fighting activity in the Wytschaete bend increased as on the preceding day.

On the Arras front the firing was intense, especially near Lens and on the north bank of the Scarpe.

During reconnoitring engagements our thrusting detachments captured a number of prisoners, some of whom were Portuguese.

Army Group of German Crown Prince.—Near Allemant, north-east of Soissons, a Hanoverian regiment and a Westphalian regiment, effectively supported by detachments of experienced storming troops, as well as by artillery, mine-throwers, and airmen, carried out an attack with complete success.

By means of a surprise assault the French position was captured over a front of about 1000 metres, and it was held against repeated counter-attacks.

Three officers and 178 rank and file were taken prisoners, and numerous machine guns and mine-throwers were captured.

Along the Aisne, in the Champagne, on both banks of the Suippe, and east of the Meuse firing activity was lively at times.

Army Group of Duke Albrecht—Nothing has occurred.

During the month of May 237 officers, including one general, and 12,500 rank and file were taken prisoners.

THE RUSSIAN SITUATION.

KERENSKY'S REASSURING SPEECH.

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS ARRESTED.

Petrograd, Saturday.

M. Kerencky, Minister for War, has arrived at Kieff.

In the course of a speech on various topics, he declared that during his visit to the front he had been able to note that the fraternisation between Russian and enemy soldiers was by no means of so general a character as alleged.

Referring to the Constituent Assembly, M. Kerensky said it could not be convoked before November, as it would be impossible to take away the population from its work in the fields for the purpose of holding elections

THE GRAND DUKE'S ARREST.

Copenhagen, Saturday.

According to a telegram from Petrograd the Grand Duke Nicholas has been arrested in consequence, it is said, of the Royalist riots which have taken place at Tiflis.

ANARCHISTS' PARADE IN PETROGRAD.

INCITING PEOPLE TO ROB BANKS.

Petrograd, Saturday.

At the conference presided over by the Assistant Minister of Labour concerning the crisis in the Donetz coal and metallurgical region, representatives of the workmen affirmed that the average cost of living for a family of four was now 250 roubles monthly, which should, therefore, be the minimum wage.

The fact that a party of a few score of Anarchists, some armed with rifles, revolvers, daggers, or grenades, and carrying black banners, inscribed "Down with authority, down with capitalists, long live Socialist revolution and commune," was able to proceed along Nevsky and other main thoroughfares in the middle of the day unhindered, shows the pass to which affairs are coming in the capital.

Included among them were some soldiers and sailors with rifles.

The procession halted outside the Kazam Cathedral, where they harangued the crowd. One speaker, a sailor, said they were only dangerous to capitalists, not to the poor.

Subsequently the agitators went from one assemblage to another in the Nevsky inciting the people to rob banks and savings banks, and declaring that a social revolution would be proclaimed on the day of the approaching municipal elections.

MR HENDERSON'S ARRIVAL.

Petrograd, Saturday.

Mr Henderson has arrived here. He was met at the railway station by M. Terestchenko, and was received by other Ministers last evening at Marie Palace.

The Minister of Commerce and Industry, M. Konovaloff, has resigned owing to the complete divergence of views between him and the Minister of Labour, M. Skoveleff, on economic and financial measures necessary in the present crisis.

Countess Panin, a popular philantrophic organiser, has been offered the post of Assistant Minister in the new Department of Public Welfare.

FIGHTING IN THE BALKANS

ENEMY MUNITION DEPOT EXPLODED.

Paris, Saturday.

The following French official communique was issued to-night:—

Eastern Army, June 1.—In the region of L'Jumnica, the enemy having succeeded in momentarily gaining a foothold in one of our trench elements we drove him out by a vigorous counter attack.

There were especially lively artillery actions towards L'Jumnica, where the enemy employed asphyxiating shells, and in the Cerna bend.

A battery was hit, and we observed the explosion of a munitions depot.

Enemy aviators bombarded Kotitza and the railway near Salonika.

No damage was done.

Our aeroplanes dropped bombs on several enemy encampments.

AUSTRIAN SUBMARINE SUNK.

Torpedoed By French Submarine.

Rome, Saturday.

On May 28 the French submarine Circe torpedoed and sank a large Austrian submarine, which was coming out from Cattaro escorted by a torpedo boat.

Although attacked by enemy aeroplanes, the Circe returned safely to her base.

ENEMY PLOT AGAINST INDIA.

Chicago, Saturday.

The Federal Grand Jury indicted fourteen men, including Baron Kurt con Reiswitz, an ex-German Consul, for alleged conspiracy in a plot to foment revolution in India.

ITALIANS PRESS FORWARD.

ENEMY COUNTER-ATTACKS REPULSED.

Rome, Saturday.

The following Italian official communique was issued this afternoon:—

Artillery fire was heavier than usual in the area north and east of Gorizia, particularly in the northern sector of the Carso.

Enemy fire concentrated on our lines on Dosso Faiti, followed by infantry patrol attacks, was vigorously replied to by our batteries.

On the night of the 31st we again repulsed an enemy attack on Hill 652 in the Vodice area.

Two enemy attacks, preceded by heavy artillery preparation, against our lines on Hill 126, south of Crazigna, and on Hill 174, north of Tivoli, were also unsuccessful.

On the same night, on the Carso, south of Castagna, our infantry made a surprise attack and advanced our line about 400 metres on a two kilometre front.

Numerous air encounters took place yesterday above Gorizia, and raids attempted by the enemy on the city were all repulsed.

One enemy machine was brought down near Aisovizza.

Our bombing squadrons of aeroplanes, accompanied by chasing machines, were yesterday very active.

Military works, aviation camps, dumps, and railway junctions were successfully bombed, from Duino to Opicina, north-east of Trieste.

All our machines returned safely.

BRITISH BATTERIES IN THE CARSO.

Generous Praise From Italians.

The work of the British batteries during the Carso fighting has called forth the highest praise from those best qualified to judge. A General of division who had some of our guns behind him has spoken of their fire in the warmest terms.

Our guns form a very small percentage of the massed artillery force which has been engaged, but they have played their part splendidly, both the speed and the accuracy of their fire being the object of special remark.

The generous Italian appreciation of their work has been very pleasing, and the moral, apart from the material, value of their presence on the front is strongly felt.

The best relations seem to have been established with the Italians, and the men have settled down very well in their new surroundings.

The appearance of the monitors and the work they have already done have also raised great enthusiasm. The accurate fire of their heavy guns did a great deal of damage.

ZEPPELIN OVER HOLLAND.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Hoogezand correspondent of the Het Volk states that a Zeppelin, apparently following a railway line from that place to Groningen, was seen at 4.20 this morning.

A little later the airship returned and disappeared in an easterly direction.

HIGH PRICES IN NORWAY.

SOCIALISTS' THREAT OF REVOLUTION.

Christiana, Saturday.

During the debate in the Storthing on the proposed increase of the tax on war profits to 30 per cent., which was agreed to by 75 votes to 53, M. Buen, Social Democrat, and another Socialist Deputy, declared that if the Government did not take other and more effective steps to counteract the high prices a revolution would occur.

The Minister of Finance and other speakers deprecated the references to a revolution as tending to cause needless excitement.

The Government was authorised to raise a loan either at home or abroad to the amount of twenty million kroner.

ENORMOUS DEMAND FOR AMERICAN COTTON.

New York, Friday.

All the cotton months have crossed twenty-two cents, except October, the highest figure reached since the Civil War.

This is the lowest initial crop bureau report on record—69.5 per cent.—and promoted an enormous trade and speculative demand both for American and Foreign Account, especially English and Japanese.

There are indications that the world's spinners are alarmed, and are buying contracts for their own protection.

LATEST WIRES.

An advance of a hundred million dollars has been made by the U.S.A. to France.

A memorial service was held at Folkestone yesterday for the victims of the air raid. Marquis Camden, Lord-Lieutenant of Kent, represented the King.

The American House of Representatives has passed the Bill making the Government one of the biggest insurance companies in the world for the insurance of merchantmen running the blockade. The Bill has already passed the Senate.

The municipality of Rome has passed a resolution with the object of relieving the capital of the presence of the German Embassy by demolishing the Caffarelli Palace, the property of the municipality, in which the Embassy is at present accommodated.

KING HONOURS SCOTS HEROES.

OPEN-AIR INVESTITURE AT HYDE PARK.

QUEEN CONSOLES DEAD HERO'S MOTHER.

London, Saturday.

For magnificence and splendour the open-air investiture in Hyde Park this afternoon would be hard to eclipse. The scene was profoundly moving, the vast enclosure being stirred by universal enthusiasm.

Seldom has such a pageant been witnessed in Hyde Park, and as the King, the Queen, and the Princess Mary arrived a roar of wild cheering went up from the thousands on the stands and round the park. The weather was golden for such a notable occasion, for the investiture was one of the most memorable of the war.

The decorations were not alone for naval and military officers. Red Cross sisters and stretcher-bearers completed a remarkable pageant of British valour. The King bestowed 350 awards, not only to men who have performed deathless deeds on far-flung battlefields, but also to the relatives of those who made the supreme sacrifice for their country.

Queen and Scottish Hero's Mother.

Among those who received the V.C. was Mrs Elizabeth Erskine, the mother of Acting-Sergeant John Erskine of the Scottish Rifles, who was killed in action on the 17th April. A pathetic figure in deep mourning, Mrs Erskine was the object of much sympathetic attention from the members of the Royal party. When it came to her turn to receive the coveted decoration on behalf of her brave son the King and Queen evinced a special interest in the Scotswoman. Her Majesty particularly spoke tenderly and with much feeling to Mrs Erskine, who furnished the Queen with some interesting details of her son's career prior to and during his career in the army.

Before handing the V.C. to Mrs Erskine King George heard the record of the deed which won the Scottish hero this notable honour. The official account read—"For most conspicuous bravery at Givenchy on 22d June, 1916."

Whilst the near lip of a crater caused by the explosion of a large enemy mine was being consolidated, Acting-Sergeant Erskine rushed out under continuous fire with utter disregard of danger, and rescued a wounded sergeant and private. Later, seeing his officer, who was believed to be dead, show signs of movement, he ran out to him, bandaged his head, and remained with him fully an hour, though repeatedly fired at, whilst a shallow trench was being dug to them. He then assisted in bringing in his officer, shielding him with his own body in order to lessen the chance of being hit again.

As this proud record was being related to the King Mrs Erskine could not conceal her emotion. Tearfully she hung her head, and the Queen showed her solicitude for the affected mother by patting her on the shoulder and bidding her bear her cross with fortitude. It was one of the most touching incidents of the investiture. The King, having handed Mrs Erskine the V.C., commiserated with her on her great loss, and assured her of his genuine sympathy in her bereavement. Mrs Erskine then chatted with Her Majesty for a few minutes, and later to Princess Mary.

The King's Sympathy.

In an interview with a "Post Sunday Special" representative subsequently, Mrs Erskine said she was much touched by the cordiality of the King and Queen's greeting.

"His Majesty," remarked Mrs Erskine, "was very sympathetic and kindly, and told me that, great as was the loss of my son, I had at least the lasting consolation of knowing that he had given his life in the cause of humanity against barbarism. The King said he read a full account of my boy's bravery at the time of the fighting round Givenchy, and added that he was pained to hear of his death in action last April. 'It would have been a real pleasure and satisfaction to me,' the King said, 'to have been able to present this decoration personally to your son. I wish with all my heart that he was back with you.'

"I could not help crying as His Majesty spoke these words of sympathy to me, and the Queen, to console me, came forward and patted me on the hand.

"I shall always look back on this date as being one of the proudest in my own life. I cannot tell you how I would love to have seen my son receive the decoration with his own hands, but now that he is gone the Victoria Cross will pe a perpetual taken of his bravery to me."

Scots Who Fought Well.

After receiving Mrs Erskine, the King then bestowed Military Medals on a number of Scottish soldiers who had distinguished themselves on the Western front during some of the fiercest battles of the war. He chatted for a time with a youthful Cameron Highlander, who appeared to amuse the King very much by his racy stories of the cowardice of the Boche in action.

Another Scotsman, a Gordon, entertained the Queen with a demonstration of how he finished off two Bavarian officers during a tussle on the Somme. Queen Mary enjoyed the company of the Scotsmen immensely, and as they left the Royal presence each received a warm handshake from the King, Queen, and Princess Mary.

During the investiture several British aeroplanes flew over Hyde Park on patrol, a fact which was duly noticed by the crowds, who burst into loud and prolonged cheering.

Among the awards to Scotsmen were:—Dintinguished Conduct Medal—Sergeant A. Sneddon, A. and S.H.; Lance-Sergeant T. Menzies, Gordon Highlanders; Corporal W. M'Arthur, Royal Scots; Corporal A. Farquharson, Cameron Highlanders.

Military Medal—Sergeant A. Agnew, Royal Highlanders; Sergeant D. Tees, H.L.I.; Sergeant J. Dunbar, Gordon Highlanders; Private H. Mackenzie, Royal Scots.

Next-of-kin to receive the Military Medal—Private W. Sheen, brother of Sergeant F. Sheen, late Royal Scots Fusiliers.

GLASGOW SOLDIER ESCAPES

FROM GERMAN PRISON AT SEVENTH ATTEMPT.

SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF BRITISH PRISONERS.

Shocking Revelations.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special")

London, Saturday Night.

Harrowing accounts of the treatment of British prisoners of war at Herzlake and Westerhalt are supplied by several Scots men, who, after a thrilling dash, won their freedom, and are now safe in "Blighty."

Two of the escaped men are natives of Glasgow, and one of these, Private J. Dunbar, related a graphic story of his experiences at the hands of the Huns.

It's a perfect bit of heaven, said Private Dunbar, to be back again, for things in Germany have been going from bad to worse during the last three months.

German Cruelty.

The British prisoners have been the worst sufferers, and the Huns hate us more to-day that at any previous period of the war. "Gott Strafe England" is their one and only hymn of hate. The food rations have been cut down deliberately in order to reduce us to skeletons. This trick didn't work, much to the annoyance and disappointment of the Germans.

Every week large supplies of food parcels were sent to us by the British Government, and in this way the Hun cruelty was frustrated. Two months ago, when the U-boat blockade was started, they made all kinds of idle boasts. England, they declared, would be starved in the course of six weeks, and by the summer the Allies would be begging for peace. This and similar rot was circulated in the German papers to depress our spirits and keep up the hearts of the German people.

None of the British prisoners took the slightest notice of Hun threats, and were content to wait and see. Our food parcels came regularly, and this must have maddened the Germans, who were led to believe that no food ship could escape their submarines.

We were exceedingly grateful for these continuous supplies, and are indebted to the Government for keeping us alive.

There is no doubt that many of us would have been corpses had it not been for the food parcels.

Hun Hatred.

I have been in several German camps since I was taken a prisoner, nearly two years ago. During that period I have never noticed any sign of kindness amongst the German guards. On the contrary, they have always been dead against the British. The truth is that there is no such thing as consideration in the Hunnish character. The prison guards have been selected specially for their job, because they are usually bullies of the worst type. Everything that they can do to dishearten and depress our men was practised and resorted to. We were constantly informed that our armies were broken on the Western front, and that the British Fleet was unable to move, because German battleships and submarines were always in the North Sea looking for Admiral Beatty and his men. These fancy stories never impressed us, for we knew the truth in spite of the faked yarns circulated in the German papers. Many times I had to laugh as I read the German newspapers and what they published about the conditions prevailing in England.

I learnt sufficient German during my captivity to understand various items of news regarding the Allied countries. The last camp in which I was interned was a proper specimen of a German dungeon.

About thirty of us were crammed into a room which, ordinarily speaking, was not large enough for a quarter of that number. We complained about this and the lack of proper sanitary arrangements, but the Germans only jeered, and told us that we should consider ourselves lucky to be alive at all. This room was never cleaned, and I will leave you to infer the inconvenience and nuisance which had to be tolerated.

Eluding Enemy Sentries.

It was while in this camp that I heard some British prisoners had been taken to work in German coalfields. I was shown a paper with pictures of our prisoners at work, and apparently enjoying themselves.

I tore the paper to pieces, much to the anger of a Prussian Guard, who was a loathsome type of man. Afterwards I heard the whole truth. The Germans did try to force a few hundred British soldiers to undertake work, but there was a h— of a row, and not a man would do as the Huns suggested. For this some of the men were terribly punished, and two of them were actually flogged.

I am not at liberty to tell you exactly how our party escaped from Germany. I had made six previous efforts to get away with four other Jocks, but our plans did not materialise. As a result we were separated, and I was sent to another camp, where Scots men were also interned. Here I thought out a fresh scheme, and, with the help of two chums, I got away. I had to choose between freedom and certain death, because the Huns promised that if there were any more attempts at escape the offenders would be shot on being recaptured. With this warning ringing in our ears we set out at night.

Three of us managed to get clear of the camp, and in the darkness we made our way to a wood, where we hid for two days, continuing our journey by night. The Germans knew we had stolen a march on them, and scouring parties were soon on our heels. This time our plans were well laid, and only one river remained to be negotiated before we could arrive in a place of safety. Just as freedom was within our reach German sentries appeared on the bank of a river which we were swimming. It was just getting dark, and the only thing to do was to remain quiet and motionless. The ruse succeeded, and it must have set the sentries furious to think that three British soldiers were at their mercy and escaped without a scratch. In less than a few hours we were on our way to "Blighty."

TRAM "LOTTERY" DOWN BY £400.

BIG FALL IN WEEK'S DRAWINGS.

LATEST ABOUT GLASGOW'S BANNED SCHEME.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

An unfortunate result of the position which has arisen in connection with the sale of war comforts tickets is that the contributions show a marked falling off as compared with those of former weeks.

That the falling off is due in many cases to a mistaken idea that action might be taken against the purchasers of tickets is proved by the fact that many passengers indicated to the conductors that they would drop a coin into the "wee red box" without accepting a ticket, while others bluntly informed the uniformed ones that they would not buy any more tickets until the question as to the legality of tickets had been settled.

Mr Dalrymple, interviewed by a "Post Sunday Special" representative to-night, expressed the opinion that the Canadian Comforts Fund would suffer to the extent of at least £400 as the direct result of the position which had arisen. He ridiculed the idea that action might be taken against the purchasers of the War Comforts Tickets, and laughingly added that if any prosecution did take place it would be against him as the originator of the scheme. A conference was to take place in the City Chambers on Monday, however, when the attitude of the Corporation would be made clear to the Lord Advocate.

Meantime all arrangements have been made for the sale of next week's tickets, the proceeds from which are to go to provide comforts for the naval prisoners of war.

COLD RECEPTION FOR IRISH LABOURERS.

Alloa, Saturday.

At a meeting of the Clackmannanshire District Agricultural Committee, held in Alloa to-day—the Earl of Mar and Kellie presiding—a communication was read from the Board of Agriculture stating that, in reference to inquiries regarding the military position of Irish labourers who came over to Scotland for the purpose of potato digging, that these men were covered by an arrangement entered into by the War Office and the Board of Trade, and on application to a Board of Trade Labour Exchange they would be supplied with a card showing that they were only temporarily resident in this country for agricultural purposes.

Lord Mar—Were there any of these men in this county last year? I understand that people do not approve of Irishmen of military age coming over here and taking the place of the men who have gone.

Mr A. L. Roxburgh—There were a few who came here last year, but they did not get work. They were sent about their business.

Mr James Fernie—I know of some who got work, but the other workers refused to work alongside of them.

Mr J. W. Prentice said there were some working here two years ago, but they ran away and left their wages when the registration cards came out.

787 TONS OF COPPER COINS.

Some Big Figures as to Glasgow Tramways.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Phenomenal is the adjective that might be used to describe the figures officially issued to-day by Mr Dalrymple as to the operation of Glasgow Tramways undertaking during the financial year, which ended on Thursday.

The traffic receipts amounted to well over a million and a quarter sterling, the exact figures being £1,245,507 19s 2d, part of which reached the tramway headquarters in the form of 787 tons of copper coins and 100½ tons of silver coins.

Halfpenny tickets were handed out to no fewer than 247,971,348 passengers, over 100 million other travellers purchasing penny tickets. The passengers carried during the year numbered 388,294,876, increasing the grand aggregate during the time that the system has been under Corporation control to 4,805,613,941, who altogether paid in fares £17,305,991.

Almost every figure mentioned constitutes a record, but, with Mr Dalrymple, records, like pie-crust, are made only to be broken.

ITALIAN AMBASSADOR THANKS DUNDEE.

Dundee, Saturday.

A sum of £660 was raised by a flag day in aid of the Italian Red Cross Society and necessitous families. Marquis Imperiali, Italian Ambassador at London, acknowledges the handsome donation in the following telegram received to-day by Mr Bonnella, Italian Consular Agent at Dundee:—Please convey my profound and grateful appreciation and my most heartfelt thanks to the Lord Provost, to the Magistrates, and to all those who joined them in so generously contributing to the work of cordial assistance, extended in help of the families of our soldiers and sailors called to duty for the triumph of the common cause.

GREENOCK HARBOUR FATALITY.

Greenock, Saturday.

William Kneebone (58), general dealer, died in Greenock Infirmary to-day from the effects of injuries he received at the harbour. While walking round the Custombouse quay he stumbled into the water, and, in falling, his head struck the piles. He was rescued in an unconscious condition and removed to the hospital, where it was found that his skull had been fractured.

MARRIED TO A HUN.

DEPORTED PRUSSIAN'S WIFE'S SAD STORY.

"HAD WORST QUALITIES OF HIS RACE."

Judge's Scathing Comment.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

"Apparently this man had all the worst qualities of his nation," remarked Lord Anderson in the Court of Session to-day, when pronouncing decree of divorce against a Prussian, who had been deported from this country.

The parties to the suit were Helen Szepara or Rogge, 15 Arlington Street, Glasgow, and her husband, Otto Rogge, a German, who also passed under the name of Otto Hall.

Pursuer (28) stated that she was born in Russia, but her parents came to this country when she was about ten, and she was residing in Liverpool at the time of her marriage, in August, 1904. Defender was a Prussian by origin, and was convicted under the name of Otto Hall in the Police Court at Edinburgh. In 1913 he adopted the name of Hall, because he wanted to pass as English. He appeared to have a business in Liverpool, but as a matter of fact he had not.

Ostensibly in Business.

The parties came to Edinburgh in 1912. Pursuer lived in a house in Marchmont Crescent, and defender lived in Thistle Street. He occupied the back premises of a shop he had there. He was ostensibly in business.

Lord Anderson—And probably keeping his eyes open.

Pursuer, continuing, said that defender ceased to cohabit with her in 1912 because he was afraid of the police knowing what the relations were between them, but he still came to collect money from her.

In October, 1912, she gave the police information with regard to her relations with defender, and as a result of inquiries he was brought before the Police Court and convicted on 28th March, 1913. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and was ordered to be deported. That sentence was reduced in the High Court to three months.

After his conviction he was deported to Germany, but she heard he had been back in this country in the summer of 1913. Pursuer did not see him. She claimed he had been in desertion since 1912.

Detective Inspector M'Ausland stated that the defender came under his notice as an alleged resetter. He also knew the pursuer. He frequently visited the defender's shop because of suspicions that he had. Pursuer lodged a complaint with the police with reference to the accused's treatment of her, accusing him of living on her earnings, as the result of which he was apprehended and convicted. He was deported on 20th June.

Carried a Loaded Revolver.

He heard of him being again back in Edinburgh on 14th July. They searched for him, but did not find him until the 2d of August, when he met him in Pitt Street, and took him up. Defender was carrying a loaded revolver. He was brought before the Police Court and sentenced to one month's imprisonment on 8th August, and then deported. Since then he had heard nothing of him.

Lord Anderson remarked that although the case on the question of jurisdiction was narrow, it was proved that the defender was a householder and a shopkeeper in the city for a number of years, and he was prepared to sustain his jurisdiction. He would be prepared to stretch a point in a case in which it gave him the greatest satisfaction to dissolve the marriage of this young woman to one who had apparently all the worst qualities of his nation.

A ROLLING-STONE FROM ABERDEEN.

Had Been Twice in Africa and Twice in Canada.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

John Forsyth, who was a railway painter in Aberdeen originally, has been a much-travelled man. Since 1900 he has been twice in South Africa, and twice in Canada. He enlisted after war broke out, and then deserted, leaving no address, either for the authorities or his wife.

The sequel was heard in the Court of Session to-day, when Agnes Lindsay Harris or Forsyth, 15 Don Street, Old Aberdeen, was granted decree of divorce on the ground of desertion.

Pursuer (47) stated that she was married in July, 1896, and there were three children of the marriage. They lived together in Aberdeen for about four years. Defender was always given to drink, and was also lazy. He went to South Africa about June, 1900, but returned to Aberdeen, and lived with her for about two years. He again went to South Africa in August, 1902. Defender sent her money pretty regularly at that time. Before her marriage she had saved about £95.

While defender was in South Africa she received a cablegram from him asking her to send him money to Johannesburg to start business. She sent him £20. About two months later she heard he was stranded, and had to pay £12 to bring him home. He went away again, and sent her money for about a year to pay what he had borrowed.

She had her last letter from him in 1907, but he turned up in Aberdeen again in 1911. At that time pursuer was living in Don Street. Defender lived in the same lodgings for nine days. He was always drunk. He again left in January, 1912, and went to Canada. She lent him over £20.

He stopped communicating with her after about a year, but she saw him in 1914 on the street. He was tipsy. She again saw him on the street in May, 1916. He was just like a tramp. She received notice from the War Office to the effect that she was entitled to a separation allowance. Since then she had tried to find his address. The police had also been making inquiries, and stated that he had deserted a few months later. She had asked the police recently, but had been told they had not yet been able to get him.

Miss Isabella Day, an active old lady, who, in a clear voice, told Lord Anderson she was eighty-five last January, stated that pursuer had lived with her. She was a hard-working woman all her life, and defender was always drunk and idle. He was always wanting to get money from her.

MISSING AIRMEN MYSTERY.

GLASGOW COUNCILLOR'S COURAGEOUS ACT.

RISKED LIFE TO DISINTER TWO COMRADES.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Interesting correspondence which has come into the possession of a number of the Town Clerk's staff throws light on the courageous conduct of Councillor A. R. Turner, a member of the Labour section of the Town Council, who now holds a commission in the Royal Engineers.

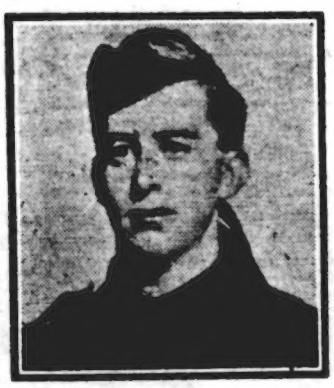
It appears that the son of Lieutenant Turner's commanding officer was reported missing while attached to the Royal Flying Corps. Lieutenant Turner and a brother officer set themselves the task of solving the mystery surrounding the missing men—for pilot and observer were both posted missing.

The wrecked aeroplane was first located, and then, amid a shower of shrapnel, the two officers proceeded to dig what appeared to be a new grave not far from where the machine had been found. In the grave were found two bodies, but, as they had been stripped of discs, badges, buttons, and almost all belongings which might lead to their identity being established, some little time elapsed before it could be clearly ascertained that the bodies were those of the missing pilot and observer.

Despite the combined efforts of Hun shrapnel and snipers, Lieutenant Turner and his colleague disinterred the bodies, which now lie in a picturesque little graveyard, where railings and crosses mark the spot.

The parents of both airmen very highly appreciated the courageous conduct which had set their minds at rest as to the fate of their boys, and "Comrade" Turner will long cherish the letters in which parental gratitude is so well and so deeply expressed.

DECORATED BY THE DUKE.



Lance-Corporal William Mooney.

Lance-Corporal William Mooney, Scottish Rifles, who was decorated by the Duke of Montrose at Holyrood Palace. After a year's imprisonment he made a daring escape from Germany. Lance-Corporal Mooney recently returned from service in Egypt.

MINER BLINDED BY EXPLOSION.

Airdrie, Saturday.

A serious colliery accident is officially reported here this morning.

William Coulter (43), miner, 2 Crofthead Street, Uddingston, was assisting in firing a shot at the face of the splint coal seam of No. 3 Pit, Tannochside Colliery, owned by Arch. Russell, Ltd., when an explosion took place which blinded both his eyes. He was knocked down by a quantity of debris, and sustained scalp wounds, laceration of left hand, and injuries to chest, back, and legs.

Another man had been firing the shot, which missed fire, and the firer had gone to rearrange the battery, while Coulter went to try and find out the deficiency. Having got the cable put in order, he delivered the shot without being aware of Coulter's close proximity.

It is feared that the unfortunate miner, who has been removed to the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, has lost the sight of both eyes.

MUSSELBURGH MAN HONOURED.

Musselburgh, Saturday Night.

In name of the brethren of Pinkie Lodge of the Independent Order of Scottish Mechanics, No. 29, Provost Constable to-night presented Brother J. P. Nesbit with his portrait, in recognition of twenty-five years' service as secretary.

From small beginnings the Lodge, through the organising ability and labour of Bro. Nesbit, has grown to be one of the most influential in the East of Scotland.

EXEMPTION FOR RECTOR.

LONDON TRIBUNAL AND HAMILTON TEACHER.

IMPORTANT DECISION FOR SCHOOL BOARDS.

Hamilton, Saturday.

Official intimation reached Hamilton this forenoon that the Central Tribunal in London had sustained the appeal by the Hamilton Burgh School Board against the decision of the Lanarkshire Appeal Tribunal withdrawing the certificate of conditional exemption granted to the Rector of Hamilton Academy.

The Rector, who is unmarried, was appealed for, in the first instance, by the School Board, who felt that the chief of the most important secondary school outside of the large cities in Scotland ought to be regarded as indispensable. Their appeal was strengthened by the fact that the staff was seriously depleted and that if the Rector was taken the efficiency of the school might be impaired.

Hamilton Tribunal sustained the appeal, but the military authoriteis took the case to Glasgow, where the Appeal Tribunal for the county of Lanark withdrew the conditional exemption. Leave was granted the School Board to refer the whole question to the Central Tribunal in London, and the latter have decided that the Rector is to remain at his educational post.

It is only fair to the Rector to make clear that he personally did not oppose joining the army, and that the steps on his behalf were all taken on the initiative of the School Board. The case has aroused an exceptional amount of interest in educational circles, and amongst the higher authorities there is satisfaction at the decision.

"ALL DRESSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO."

Plight of Holiday Makers.

Motherwell, Saturday.

To-day, by reason of the decreased railway observed in a manner altogether new to the workers of the steel town. Since the outbreak of war they have been too busy to contemplate a general stoppage. Circumstances have changed, however, and a general stoppage took place on Friday afternoon in the various works.

To-day, by reason of the decreased railway facilities, holiday-makers find themselves in the awkward plight of being "all dressed up and having no place to go."

It is so different from the old pre-war days, when the workers took their holiday seriously, and the railway companies were only too ready to cater for the big exodus. Day trips to Blackpool, Keswick, and the Lake districts were common. Special inducements were also offered for travelling to Aberdeen, Dundee, Oban, and Dumfries. The latter, always a popular holiday haunt of the worker, could be visited for the trifling expenditure of 3s 6d return. To-day it has soared away up to the somewhat prohibitive rate of 17s 11d return. In spite of all that, the South-going trains were very busy this morning. Edinburgh trains were also crowded, while the trek to Glasgow was very heavy, and limited to the accommodation at the disposal of the railway authorities.

The changed attitude of the railway company to the holiday-makers threw an enormous amount of extra work upon the officials of the Lanarkshire Tramway Company, and from early morning the cars were besieged by crowds of holiday-makers journeying to the city and other places to be reached by the "sparkies."

The all-car route to Balloch and the "bonnie banks" was very popular, likewise the car trip to Rouken Glen. Clydeside, in all its splendour of verdure and blossom, also attracted the holiday-makers, and packed the cars to overflowing.

BUCKHAVEN SERGEANT DECORATED BY KING.

Buckhaven, Saturday Night.

A Buckhaven soldier named Sergeant Alex. Agnew, Black Watch, was decorated by the King at to-day's investiture at Hyde Park. The gallant sergeant won the Military Medal for devotion to duty and conspicuous bravery on the field.

He enlisted when employed at the Wemyes Colliery on the outbreak of war, and has taken part in the hottest fighting in the Western front, including he battle of Loos. He was wounded in the autumn last year during the Somme offensive, and has since been in a London hospital, where he has gone through no less than seven operations.

Sergeant Agnew was well known in athletic circles, and was a clever boxer, and had also made a reputation as a heavy-weight lifter. He is also something of an artist, his oil paintings gaining him many admirers. He is a son of Mrs Cook, David Street, Buckhaven, and is a native of the West of Scotland.

PAISLEY'S NEW STATION-MASTER.

Paisley, Saturday.

This forenoon it was officially announced that Mr W. E. M'Whirter, the chief booking clerk at Paisley Gilmour Street Station, had been appointed the stationmaster there in succession to Mr Alexander Gibb, who was lately appointed superintendent of the Greenlaw Goods Station, Paisley.

Mr M'Whirter entered the service of the Glasgow and Paisley Joint Line Company as a signal boy, and he afterwards passed through the telegraph and parcels department before entering the booking office. He was transferred to the Gilmour Street Station, which is the principal one in Paisley, in 1886, and he has been chief booking clerk for sixteen years.

Altogether Mr M'Whirter has been in the service for thirty-one years. He enters on his new duties on Monday.

LATEST NEWS

IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

Aberdeen yesterday received 50 tons of potatoes, which are being distributed all over the town.

There was no improvement yesterday in the condition of the Rev. John Hunter, of London, and late of Glasgow.

It was Lifeboat Day in Glasgow yesterday. There were some 2000 collectors in the streets selling lifeboat emblems.

The Rev. James G. Lunn, M.A., of Sherwood U.F. Church, Paisley, has been appointed to a chaplaincy in the army.

A Watching Committee has been appointed by Leith Town Council to press for separate representation for the burgh.

While Mary Balfour (13) was playing in a back court at 182 Langlands Road, Govan, yesterday, she sustained a fracture of the right thigh-bone.

In Ayr, up till the end of April, forty War Savings Associations have been formed throughout the town, and £8000 has been collected in this way.

The death has taken place, following upon an accident, of Mrs Henry Miller, Burnbank Cottage, Banknock, one of the oldest residents in Kilsyth parish.

Lieutenant J. Campbell Mackintosh, who was recently appointed adjutant of the Dumbartonshire Volunteer Rifles, has been promoted to the rank of captain.

Corporal William Notman, Royal Engineers, who has been awarded the Military Medal, is a Hamilton man, the son of Mr and Mrs James Notman, High Blantyre Road.

In aid of the widows and dependents of Hamilton men who have fallen in the war a concert was given in the Town Hall yesterday. The programme was wholly sustained by soldiers.

The death has occurred of Miss Catherine H. Inglis, Wood Bank, one of Port-Glasgow's oldest residenters. She was in her 91st year. A sister, Mrs Purdon, was 102 when she died four years ago.

Mrs Tennant, 63 William Street, Dumbarton, has received intimation that her son, Private John Tennant, Cameron Highlanders, was killed in action in France on 3d May. He was wounded twice before.

Gunner J. Watt, R.G.A., Montrose, is officially reported to have been killed in action on 26th May, during the bombardment of a village near his battery in France. He was a regular, with twelve years' service, and was twenty-seven years of age.

A flag day, which realised a sum of £677 7s 8d (£305 of which was in special donations), was held in Aberdeen yesterday. The money will be devoted to augmenting a fund for relieving the inhabitants of Palestine who have suffered so much through the persecution of the Turks.

A burning accident, which proved fatal, took place at Montrose yesterday. Jessie Elsie M'Intosh, twenty-three years of age, the daughter of George M'Intosh, Victoria Dairy, Montrose, set herself on fire with a match at her parents' home, and succumbed to her injuries in Montrose Infirmary.

In his first report on the destruction of foxes on the Campsie Hills, Mr M'Kenzie, who took up the work in the spring, states that the kill to date has been twenty-six old foxes and seven litters of cubs, while the return, including the Luss and Arrochar districts, is well over one hundred foxes for the spring.

The Belgian Relief Committee for Glasgow and the West of Scotland have decided to suspend their appeals for funds for foodstuffs in view of the United States assuming responsibility. Future donations will be devoted to the Belgian Red Cross and Belgian Orphan Funds, unless earmarked for some other object.

The Rev. John M'Lean, B.D., minister of the Parish of Renton, who is about to leave for four months' service in France with the Y.M.C.A., was presented yesterday afternoon with a well-filled pocket-book of Treasury notes, the gift of the congregation and friends. The presentation was made by Mr Wyllie, of Cordale House.

When the Rev. Father M'Cabe, of St Mary's R.C. Church, Alexandria, and a few of his parishioners were at Glasgow seeing th Rev. Father Walshe off to be a chaplain with the forces, a collection was made among the gathering, and they handed Father Walshe half a sovereign to give to the first Vale of Leven soldier he met in France.

Acting-Company Quartermaster-Sergeant David Walker, Royal Scots, has been awarded the Military Medal. He is twenty-one years of age. Previous to mobilisation he was in the employment of Messrs Ramage & Ferguson, shipbuilders, Leith, as an apprentice marine engineer. He has been over two years on active service. His home address is Spittalfield Crescent, Edinburgh.

OVERTOWN'S FIRST MILITARY MEDALLIST.

Lance-Corpl. Wm. Greer, Royal Scots, who has been awarded the Military Medal. A miner by occupation, he is twenty years of age, and before enlisting at the outbreak of war, resided with his sister at Sneddon's Rows, Overton, Wishaw. He is the first Overtonian to gain the award.

"AN AWFUL THING LOVE."

WIFE'S LOVE-LETTER INTERCEPTED.

SOLDIER GETS LEAVE AND MAKES DISCOVERY.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Lord Anderson to-day granted decree of divorce on the ground of infidelity to Thomas Allan, who was for some time a miner at Musselburgh, but is now in the Royal Scots, against Annie Fisher or Allan, who formerly resided at 16 Dam Brae, Musselburgh, but whose present address is unknown.

Pursuer stated that the parties were married in September, 1906, and there were three children of the marriage. When married they lived at Bishopbriggs, and then went to Musselburgh. He enlisted in May, 1915. Defender was addicted to drink, and gave way to it badly about the end of 1908. He had no suspicions, however, that she was unfaithful to him.

He received some letters which led him to suspect her. He got New Year's leave at the beginning of 1916, and while at Musselburgh then he intercepted a letter addressed to defender from the man with whom it was alleged she had misconducted herself. This letter was in terms of affection, and the writer said that he did not think anything would ever come out as to what had passed between them.

Lord Anderson—It ends up with three rows of crosses. I suppose that means kisses. He says here it is an awful thing love. (Laughter.)

Continuing, pursuer said she sat down and wrote a letter to the sender. He obtained possession of this letter. In it she said she was tired of pursuer; she was fed up with him.

He got leave again at the end of January, 1916, and challenged his wife with misconduct, having learned that the man had stayed one night in the house about the beginning of January. She admitted he was in the house, but denied misconduct. He heard stories about his wife going about with other people, and while on four days' leave he caught a man in the house. He handed him over to the police. He had been in France for eleven months, and did not know where his wife was now.

MINER PUSHES HIS CHILD INTO DOOR

And Then Vanishes Mysteriously.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

After pushing his child into the door, remarking that that was all he wanted, John Moir Sutherland, who was formerly a miner, disappeared from Kirkcaldy, and his wife, Elizabeth Spence or Sutherland, 14 Berwick Place, Dunnikier Road, Kirkcaldy, was to-day granted decree of divorce by Lord Anderson on the ground of desertion.

Pursuer (33) stated that she was a linen worker. She was married in December, 1904, and there were two children of the marriage, who were with pursuer. Some time after the birth of the first child in 1905, her husband assaulted her. He was convicted of assault in the Kirkcaldy Police Court, and was fined 15s, with the option of ten days' imprisonment.

At that time she left her husband and went to stay with her mother. In March, 1906, when the second son was born, they were then living in furnished lodgings in Bowhill. About three weeks after the birth of the child defender again assaulted her. He was drinking at the time, and was not doing any work. He would neither work nor want. The people with whom they were residing turned him out because of his treatment of her.

Pursuer again went to stay with her mother for a time. One night he came up to the door. He pushed the other child into the door and said that was all he wanted. That was the last she had seen or heard of him. His people lived in Arbroath. She wrote them for his address, but they could not give it to her.

MET HER HUSBAND'S SWEETHEART.

Edinburgh Woman's Dramatic Discovery.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

On the ground of infidelity, Annie Elizabeth Ramsden or Stewart, The Woodlands, Newmarket, Ashton-under-Lyne, was to-day granted decree of divorce by Lord Anderson from her husband, John M'Ewan Stewart, carrying on business as a window cleaner under the name of the "General Window Cleaning Company," at 14 Graham Street, Edinburgh, and residing there, and also against Lilian Miller Angus, sometime residing at 10 Marchmont Crescent, and now at 16 Roseneath Terrace, Edinburgh.

Pursuer (40) stated that she was married in June, 1905. Her husband was a master window cleaner. There were three children living. Their married life was happy at first, but in January, 1914, she found it necessary to leave her husband. She thought he was neglecting her on account of some other person.

She had heard rumours of this, and spoke to him. He denied the accusations. In January, 1914, she went out to see if she could find her husband, and saw him with the co-defender. He treated her unkindly on that occasion, and she left. She got a letter from her husband informing her that the co-defender had given birth to a child, of which he was the father.

In regard to the question of aliment for the children, defender appeared, and, after making a statement as to his financial affairs, offered to pay aliment on the scale allowed by the army. This would mean 18s a week for the three children.

Lord Anderson said he thought that was a very fair offer, and it was accepted.

EDINBURGH DRESSMAKERS' STRIKE.

"A CAMPAIGN OF EXPOSURE."

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Lively doings seem imminent on the part of the Edinburgh dressmakers, who have been on strike since Tuesday of this week.

To a large gathering of the strikers this evening at the Mound, Princes Street, Mr Neil S. Beaton, the Scottish organiser of the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, announced that they did not intend to let the employers of sweated labour get off scot free.

A campaign of exposure had been decided on; sandwichmen would go through the streets with boards showing the public who were sweating the dressmakers. He had been told by many people that, considering the high cost of living, the strikers' demands were far too moderate.

Councillor Graham and Miss Isa Davidson, an official of the Edinburgh branch of the Shop Assistants' Union, also addressed the meeting.

About four hundred women are on strike. Fourteen firms are affected, including some of the largest dressmaking and millinery establishments in the city.

BATHGATE MAN WITH THE TANKS.

"ROCKING HORSES FOR LITTLE WILLIE."

Bo'ness, Saturday.

One of the convalescents at Carriden House Hospital, near Bo'ness, is Sergeant Walter Ritchie, who in peace time was cashier to Messrs Thomas Ovens & Sons, Forth Chemical Works, Bo'ness.

The sergeant was sent to France for the purpose of arranging billets for the men of the Machine Gun Corps, and when the "Tanks" arrived on the ground all covered up many inquisitive soldiers were told that the hidden monsters were "rocking horses for Little Willie." That was all the information vouchsafed.

In one short hour these rocking horses, so called, did more military service, killed more enemy in uniform, and had a greater influence in the war than all the air raids on our English coast towns have ever had. The sergeant says the British land ship is undoubtedly the greatest discovery in this terrible war, and he thinks it is designed to play a still more important part in the campaign in the future.

The tanksmen's mascot, a great Dane that was given the name of Baby, is in the safe keeping of Sergeant Ritchie at his home in Bathgate. The dog was his faithful friend during his training in England.

SHOWER OF HONOURS FOR INVERNESS.

Chaplain Mentioned in Despatches.

Inverness, Saturday Night.

Two Inverness soldiers have earned distinction in the recent severe fighting, and have been awarded the military medal for bravery in the field.

Sergeant Alex. Mackenzie, Cameron Highlanders, is well known, being the son of Mrs Mackenzie, Watson's Buildings, Inverness. Pte. Hugh Calder, the other medallist, belongs to the Highland Light Infantry, and only joined the colours recently. He was in the employment of Mr MacLennan, Newmarket. It has also gratified many in Inverness to learn that the Rev. Donald MacLeod, minister of the First Charge of Inverness, has been mentioned in despatches. As chaplain for over a year he has done courageous work at the front.

WOUNDED ENTERTAINED AT RENFREW.

Renfrew, Saturday Night.

This afternoon the employees of Messrs Babcock & Wilcox entertained 150 wounded soldiers from various hospitals to sports on their athletic grounds at Moorecroft, Renfrew.

At the conclusion of the sports the men were entertained to high tea in the new restaurant at the works, where Mr Richard Maclaren, the general manager, presided.

Prizes were presented to the successful competitors by Mrs Maclaren.

A musical evening followed, and on leaving each soldier received a gift from the committee, entrusted with the arrangements.

DUNDEE MINIATURE RIFLE COMPETITION.

Dundee, Saturday Night.

The League final of the Dundee and Forfarshire Miniature Rifle Club was held at the Cattle Market Range this afternoon. Ellangowan, the present holders of the Dalhousie Cup, again annexed the trophy with a fine shoot of 1155. Arbroath were second, with 1126, and Dundee third with 1113.

For the Pattullo Cup, Arbroath A and Dundee A had each an aggregate of 1110, but the latter carried off the trophy in view of their team having the higher total at the 50 yards range.

Wallace Foundry, last year's winners, took third place with a total of 1077.

FUNERAL OF LANARK EX-PROVOST.

Lanark, Saturday.

There was interred in Lanark Cemetery this afternoon the remains of ex-Provost Roderick Macleay, J.P. Ex-Provost Macleay, who was seventy years of age, was a native of Tain. He came to Lanark in 1878, conducted a draper's business in the Bloomgate, and later in the High Street. He was a member of the Lanark School Board which sat from 1882 until 1885. He was also a member of Lanark Parochial Board from 1880 until 1894, and a member of the first Lanark Parish Council. Mr Macleay was Provost of Lanark from 1897 until 1900, and again from 1907 until 1910, retiring from the Town Council in the last-mentioned year.

PLIGHT OF COAST TOWNS.

OMINOUS OUTLOOK FOR THE SUMMER.

EXIT THE SUNDAY STEAMER.

Dunoon, Saturday Night.

A "Post Sunday Special" representative has made inquiries at several Clyde coast resorts, and at all, small or large, was informed that the advent of June has proved that the season is going to be a failure from the point of view of caterers for visitors. Not a single place, with the exception of Gourock, is there much money in circulation.

The fact that no extra steamers are meantime to be put on, with no duplication of trains, seems to have had the effect of keeping day trippers to their own immediate localities.

At Rothesay, usually the hub of holidayers, things never were so dull, and houses can be had at almost any price offered. While the portage at the quay may frighten people who are loth to part with pennies, it is the scare of being stranded, and in the case of those who would take houses the silly rumours regarding enemy seacraft.

Taken all round the Island of Bute has never experienced such a season. It is the same along the Cowal shore of the Kyles of Bute to Lochfyne, Tarbert, Ardrishaig, Lochgilphead, and Inveraray.

Millport is as bad as the rest, while the Kilbrannon Sound and Campbeltown are, comparatively speaking, almost depopulated through the lack of visitors and so many of the males being away on military service.

On the shores of the Holy Loch, Loch Goil, Loch Long, and the Gareloch there are only stragglers even when the meagre number of steamers arrive.

At Helensburgh, which is a lively town by reason of the train connection, the pinch is being felt.

WISHAW OFFICER DECORATED BY THE KING.

Captain Allan R. Steele, M.C.

In the course of a visit of their Majesties, accompanied by Princess Mary, to the Empire Hospital, London, on Monday, the King decorated several wounded officers with the Military Cross, including Captain Allan R. Steele, Cameronians, son of Mr James Steele, of R. Y. Pickering & Coy., Ltd., Waggon Works, Wishaw.

A younger brother, Lieutenant F. Gardner Steele, H.L.I., fell in action in November, and another brother, Lieutenant H. W. Steele, H.L.I., is also on service.

Captain Steele left a position in Trinidad to come home and enlist.

But it is at Dunoon where matters are at their worst, through there not being any industries save agriculture of a kind. Strange as it may seem, in a town with such a splendid foreshore, and in close proximity to the hive of shipbuilding, and the burgh's motto of "Forward," the civic rulers of years gone by resolutely set their faces against anything that savoured of industries of any nature.

It is now that this short-sighted policy is undermining the financial stability of the town, which a few years ago had a bright perspective.

The pier is in a state of financial insolvency. On a recent week less was drawn for passenger dues than on a Sunday a year ago. The gas works are accumulating debt, and the price to consumers advanced, with an increasing debt on the Town Hall and the Pavilion Castle Gardens.

Metaphorically speaking, landladies are tumbling over each other for visitors, and the tariff has been greatly reduced. Glasgow and Lanarkshire people with coast houses have them at present tenantless, and their number is legion. So far as the general outlook goes it spells ruin to many households.

The only silver lining is a little that may come in the holidays at Glasgow Fair and those of Greenock and Paisley.

Neither Wemyss Bay, Greenock, Gourock, nor the Broomielaw is to see a Sunday steamer this season, unless the municipal authorities can use influence to the contrary in the proper quarter. What this means to Rothesay and Dunoon is nothing compared to the rejuvenation their facilities offer to the brain or muscle worker in the big industrial centres. That, at least, is the opinion of the more sober-minded of commercial men. As many as seven steamers—three all the way, and two each from Dunoon and Bute—have been seen to do duty on occasion, taking back their human freights, many of whom left so as to be in time for work that evening or early next morning.

MINERS' LIVELY MEETING.

FORCING MEN INTO UNION.

Kilsyth, Saturday.

The Gartshore and district miners had a long and lively meeting at Croy to-day. Commencing in the forenoon, the meeting lasted several hours, and dealt mainly with the question of non-unionists at work in the collieries.

It had been arranged to throw one of the collieries idle on Monday first, so as to force one individual to join the local union. The man was present, and explained that he was not a non-unionist, but had been paying regularly into the Stirlingshire Union. It was pointed out that the man had been working in the Gartshore district (which is in the Lanarkshire Union) for over two years now. In the course of a very lively debate it was pointed out that the man could not be classed as a non-unionist.

On a vote being taken, there was a majority in favour of allowing the man to continue on the present lines in the meantime. The meeting agreed that the lamps of all men be stopped who were not in the Union.

THE MONKLANDS BURGHS

PROPOSED NEW CONSTITUENCY.

Airdrie, Saturday.

The Airdrie and Coatbridge Town Councils have sent to the Convention of Royal and Parliamentary Burghs, whose subcommittee on the subject sat in Edinburgh yesterday, a proposal that the two Monklands burghs should be scheduled as a constituency in the Representation of the People Bill now before Parliament.

Airdrie is at present one of the Falkirk Burghs (which also includes Hamilton, Lanark, and Linlithgow), and it is claimed that, under the Government's redistribution scheme, Airdrie and Coatbridge, being contiguous, and having over the stipulated 70,000 of population, would be a much more desirable constituency than the present.

Coatbridge is part of North-West Lanark, and would require to be detached from that constituency.

It is understood that the Convention of Burghs, who have invited suggestions, will forward the proposal of the Town Councils of these burghs, with a view to its being scheduled in the Bill when it reaches the Committee stage.

LORD GUTHRIE'S GOOD STORY.

Girls' Club Opened at Leith.

Leith, Saturday.

Lord Guthrie, opening rooms for the newly-instituted Leith Patriotic Girls' Club to-day, said that the word "club" recognised the social element in human nature. The working man and the working woman needed a club as much as anyone. The club would get at a class of girl who had not hitherto been reached. These were days when no names must be given, but, when visiting a hut in a prominent munition centre, he had been much struck by the evident comfort and happiness of the workers.

Many accessories were required for the club, such as plates, cooking utensils, books, magazines, and fenders. The fenders reminded him that when he was at Clydebank during an arbitration conference, the business was conducted in a police office, and he had been much amused to see that someone had scratched on the fender—which surely could not have been intended for a police office—the words, "There's no place like home!" (Laughter.)

COUNCILLOR DOLLAN, OF GLASGOW,

Court-Martialled at Hamilton.

Hamilton, Saturday.

Councillor P. J. Dollan, of Glasgow, who was handed over to the military as an absentee, was Court-Martialled at Hamilton to-day on a charge of refusing to obey military orders.

In his defence Dollan urged that as an appeal against his conviction and handing over as an absentee had been taken to the High Court, and was pending, he was still a civilian, and was not bound to obey military orders.

The Court reserved their finding, which will be promulgated in due course.

NO TANNAHILL CONCERT THIS YEAR.

Flag Day for Hospital Instead.

Paisley, Saturday.

For many years it has been the custom of the Tannahill Committee to give a concert at the Braes of Gleniffer on the first Saturday in June for the purpose of raising funds in aid of Paisley Infirmary, but this year, owing to the difficulty of getting male voices for the choir, the time-honoured concert had to be abandoned.

Accordingly no gathering was held to-day. To guard against the infirmary losing the handsome sum annually raised by the Tannahill Choir, the Hospital Saturday Committee ran a flag day to-day, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the infirmary. About 900 collectors engaged in flag selling, in addition to which there were several running concerts at street corners, and the Boys' Brigade pipe band and bugle band paraded the principal thoroughfares.

GALSTON CANADIAN GETS MILITARY MEDAL.

Pte. Henry Anderson, Canadians, who is a son of the late Mr Robert Anderson, Galston, is officially reported to have been awarded the Military Medal for conspicuous gallantry. He is the sixth Galston soldier to gain a military distinction.

WOMEN ATTACK POLICE.

EXCITING RAID ON DESERTERS' HIDING-PLACE.

FUSILLADE OF BOWLS AND JAM POTS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Derry, Saturday

Sensational scenes were witnessed in the historic city of Londonderry, where the police, who were on a hunt for deserters, were attacked by women.

Sergeant Thompson, of the Royal Irish Constabulary, accompanied by five other members of the force, went to 46 Bridge Street to look for deserters. Two of the deserters were found hidden in a most ingenious manner between the roof and the ceiling. The police brought the men down through a small opening.

There were some women about the place, and when they saw that the police had taken the men who were wanted they became very excited, especially when the prisoners were being brought downstairs. Two of the women lifted bowls and threw them at Constable Maguire, who received a cut lip and had to be treated at the infirmary. Both women then ran to the window and flung bowls at the police as they left the house with their prisoners.

The melee had a sequel at Derry Petty Sessions, when seven women were charged by District Inspector Ryan with obstructing the police in the discharge of their duty. Jane Deery and Cassie Dougan, who were alleged to have thrown the bowls, were also charged with assault.

Gave the Alarm.

Constable Gucken said after the police knocked at the door Rebecca Smith, the youngest of the accused, locked it. Putting her head out of the window she asked the police what it was that they wanted. When at length the police had succeeded in gaining an entrance to the house she ran out and gave the alarm to the neighbours that the police had got the deserters. A large crowd, composed of men and women, then assembled.

At this stage of the case Cassie Dougan remarked aloud—"The worst they can do is give us gaol, and it's for nothing dirty. I'll never pay a fine."

Constable Gucken said when the police were leaving there was a regular fusillade of bowls and jam pots.

A Bowl That Found Its Billet.

Cassie Dougan—"I did not miss my shot. It was me and not Rebecca Smith who looked out of the window at the police and notified the neighbours. I meant the bowl for Kelly and am sorry he didn't get it. I would not mind doing a month for him at any time."

District Inspector Ryan said Bridge Street district was a regular hell.

Mr Hardy, the Resident Magistrate, said the case had not been over stated. Judging by the demeanour of the accused in Court they seem to regard the whole thing as a joke. Deery would be sent to gaol for three months, Dougan for one month, and the other defendants would have to find bail to keep the peace for twelve months, or in default go to gaol for a month each.

CLYDE WOMEN EXCEL

At Making Artificial Limbs.

Clydebank, Saturday.

A novel gathering took place at Old Kilpatrick this afternoon, when a party of limbless soldiers from Erskine House were entertained by the women workers of Yarrow & Company, Ltd., Scotstoun West.

The first part of the programme comprised an interesting series of outdoor sporting events, which were contested on a field adjoining Erskine Ferry. The soldiers and women entered into the sports with great keenness, and the various events were contested with spirit. Subsequently the soldiers were entertained to high tea and a concert programme in the Erskine Ferry Tea Rooms, when Mr Warriner presided.

The Chairman paid a sterling tribute to the work of the women in the present war, and said it would interest the soldier guests to learn that the majority of their hostesses were engaged in making the artificial limbs they were so thankful for. At one time it was thought that artificial limbs could not be made in Scotland. Sir Harold Yarrow heard that, and went to the War Office and said he would undertake to make on the Clyde anything that was made elsewhere in the world, and now he was giving away no secret to say that nowhere were artificial limbs so well made as on the Clyde. Not only had they been able to supply Scottish soldiers with limbs, but a big proportion of English soldiers as well.

INSPECTION OF ABERDEEN O.T.C.

Aberdeen, Saturday Night.

Major A. M. H. Gray, from the War Office Staff, to-day inspected a detachment of 76 members of the Aberdeen University O.T.C. at Hazlehead, near Aberdeen, where the operations took the form of a display of field ambulance work as in actual warfare.

Colonel Scott Riddell, M.V.O., and Professor Reid, Aberdeen University, as members of the Military Education Board, accompanied the inspecting officer.

Major Gray, at the close, expressed satisfaction at the display given, and congratulated several of the members on their skill in improvising first-aid appliances.

GARDEN FETE AT CUPAR.

Cupar, Saturday Night.

A garden fete was held at Crawley House, Springfield, this afternoon for behoof of Edenfield Red Cross Hospital.

The fete was opened by Mrs Anstruther Gray of Kilmany, and realised the sum of £157 13s 4d.

SECRETS OF THE TEUTON ADMIRALTY—REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL

An Aerial Trip to Heligoland: Adventures in the Kiel Canal.

By J. M. de BEAUFORT.

THE subject of Heligoland is one that to-day is very near to the heart of every German, but especially of those who are in any way connected with the navy. The mere mention of the name will bring delight to his face. More likely than not, he'll slap you on the back, and with a grin of satisfaction and a confidential, knowing air—as if he were personally responsible for the fact that the island is German now—will assure you that "We certainly scored a point on old England that time."

The transaction between the British and German Governments, through which the latter obtained Heligoland, was by no means always as popular with the Germans as it is to-day.

In 1890 Von Caprivi, four months after he had succeeded Bismarck, concluded with Lord Salisbury what has ever since been considered one of the most comprehensive of all African agreements, namely—the treaty defining the spheres of influence in East and West Africa between Great Britain and Germany. It concluded, in return for Germany's recognition of a British Protectorate over Zanzibar, the cession of Heligoland to Germany.

Bismarck, together with the rapidly-growing Colonial party, severely criticised both the terms and the principle of this treaty, maintaining that it destroyed all possibility of a greater East African German Empire.

They refused to accept Von Caprivi's contention that "the days of flag hoisting" were over. Heligoland appeared but a small compensation for what they abandoned in East Africa. But times and sentiments have changed very much since those early days. Heligoland has become the very apple of their eye, and I am certain the Germans would sooner return Alsace and Lorraine to-morrow than give up that mile-long piece of rock. "Heligoland must and shall always remain German soil," so everybody in Germany will assure you. All the money in the world, I believe, could not buy back Heligoland to-day. As a prominent German naval authority expressed himself—"If Heligoland belonged to Britain to-day we should be like rats in a trap."

Heligoland forms, with Wilhelmshaven and Kiel, the nucleus of the German coast defence system. It is situated about forty miles from the mainland, and equidistant from the Weser and Elbe mouths. It consists of two islands, the larger about a mile in length, with an upper and lower level ("Ober-" and "Unterland"), and the unimportant and much smaller one (half a mile east), named Sand Island.

At the beginning of hostilities every inhabitant, man, woman, and child, not in some way connected with the navy and the defence of the island, was packed off. Most of them were sent to Hamburg, where I met several of them. It is interesting to note that several native Heligolanders are interned as British aliens, yet none of them have ever set foot in these isles. They are the men who, after the cession in 1890, chose to retain their British nationality.

Heligoland Seen from the Air.

It is futile to try to get anywhere near Heligoland. None but accredited German naval ships are allowed nearer than about ten miles. The nearest I got to Heligoland (in 1915) was about two miles—by air—about the only way, I think, to get that far. From the high altitude we were at, the little triangular piece of land seemed hardly more than a large rock. It was a clear day. The rays of the sun, thrown against the steep reddish cliffs, were reflected in the water, and seemed to form a kind of halo along the south-western side of the island. It was a most fascinating sight.

It is curious that the only two occasions when I have set eyes on Heligoland are recorded in my mind as a colour scheme of a harmonious and picturesque character. The first occurred some sixteen years ago, shortly after the opening of the Kiel Canal. During the summer months, excursion steamers, making the round trip to Heligoland in one day, sail several times a week from different points on the coast. On approaching the island, especially from the south-eastern coast, the effect of the steep red cliffs, hollowed by the sea into all kinds of fantastic figures and columns, is very striking. The Oberland is mostly covered with meadows.

The colour scheme of three distinct hues is, I think, one of the strangest natural formations I have ever seen. The red cliffs are fringed by the grassy slopes of the "Oberland," and below by the white sand of the beaches of the "Unterland." On the boat a native Heligolander, who was standing near and evidently read the admiration in my eyes, explained to me that those three colours represent the flag of the island. He cited and wrote for me the following Frisian verse:—

"Gron is dat Land,
Rood is de Kant,
Witt is de Sand—
Dat is de Flag vun't Hallige Land."

Immediately after taking possession of the island the Germans proceeded to make it the Gibraltar of the North Sea. Its armaments, defences, positions, &c., are secrets which have been most jealously, and I am convinced, most successfully guarded. Although, as I said above, I was unable to satisfy my thirst for knowledge by a personal visit, I managed to obtain some interesting and first-hand descriptions of the place, which is more than most "travellers" and "students" have gained; and although I was unable to obtain a photographic copy of the official large scale map of Heligoland I have had plenty of opportunities of studying the lay of the land.

Valuable as Boat Base.

While the importance of Heligoland as a protective harbour of refuge for German warships is, of course, slight as compared to the safety of the Kiel Canal, its value as a coaling station and a submarine and torpedo-boat base is incalculable. During the last four or five years over 30,000,000 marks (£1,500,000) have been expended on the construction of large moles, harbours, sea walls, &c., in order to protect the island from the ravages of the storms, and, at the same time, offer some shelter to ships. On the south-eastern side two moles have been built, one of nearly 2000 feet, and another of 1300 feet in length. In this way something over seventy acres of land have been reclaimed. The new harbour surface extends to over eighty acres, and is divided into the North and South Harbours. The former is the smaller. The latter has a large number of short piers for submarines and torpedo boats. Their depth is about twenty-three feet.

The armament of Heligoland consists of five batteries (four guns each), divided into two direct fire batteries of 12-inch calibre and three howitzer batteries with ordnance of from 11 to 17-inch. Owing to the advantageous positions of these batteries, placed on the upper level at heights of from 180 to 220 feet above the sea, they are able to fire in all directions, which—so it is claimed—excludes any possibility of an attack on the entrances of the Elbe and Weser mouths, or on the Kiel Canal, and also makes a blockade of those harbours impossible. The plunging fire, which the elevation of these batteries makes it possible to direct, would prove destructive to even the heaviest type of armour plate.

Lord (Charles) Beresford is frequently quoted, in connection with Heligoland's defences, as having stated that no commander would dare to expose his ships to a fire of this kind. Even if, by some miracle, an enemy ship should succeed in reaching the island, it would be a practical impossibility to carry it by storm, owing to the almost perpendicular steepness of the cliffs.

At present I think Heligoland is only vulnerable by an air attack. A fleet of aeroplanes could do an immense amount of damage on that strip of land—a mile long and from a quarter to a third of a mile wide. From the map I have seen, it seems that there are few spots in which a bomb could fall without doing considerable damage.

Sailing Through the Kiel Canal.

At the outbreak of hostilities the following proclamation concerning the operation of the Kiel Canal in time of war was issued by the German Government:—

"The war operations of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal have begun. The canal zone is closed at present for merchant vessels. Exceptions thereto require in every instance the permission of the Chief of the Naval Station of the Baltic Sea at Kiel."

The "exceptions" are practically confined to such neutral ships as carry provisions for the army or navy, or are supplying Germany with foodstuffs. But in all cases the captains of these neutral ships must be personally known to the German authorities, and a large bond must be put up for them either by their employers or by themselves. Until the end of 1915 only Dutch, Danish, Swedish, or Norwegian steamers had obtained permits to pass through the canal. From what I have seen of the inconveniences, the trouble, the red tape, that the captains have to put up with every time they make the trip to or from Germany, I can assure you that, whatever their emoluments may be, they earn every penny of them.

With great difficulty I managed to get a passage on one of these neutral steamers. To all intents and purposes my nationality was the same as that of the vessel on which I sailed. I speak German quite fluently, which was, of course, of great additional assistance.

I joined the little 600-ton steamer at Emden, Germany's most western port. We proceeded on the inside—i.e., through the Ems-Jade Canal, to Wilhelmshaven, and thence by Cuxhaven through the Kiel Canal to Kiel. Although the actual distance we travelled is well under two hundred miles, it took us the best part of five days. It was not what you might call a joy ride, but, nevertheless, I would not have missed it for a great deal, for I learned more about the German Fleet in those five days than I had in all the weeks I spent in Germany.

Through the Ems-Jade Canal, bordered on both sides by flat, marshy country, the trip was uneventful, but when we got within sight of Wilhelmshaven the fun began. About three miles from our day's destination an officer and eight sailors came on board, and after having carefully examined our ship's papers proceeded on a search of ship and crew as systematic and thorough as I have ever seen.

But then, of course, I had never before attempted to enter Germany's most important naval base. It is quite true that she takes no chances with her fleet. The search, checking of papers, reports, messages to Wilhelmshaven, and numerous other formalities, took the better part of four hours. When finally our permits arrived four sailors and a petty officer came on board, and under their guidance we finished the three miles that separated us from the famous naval base.

Through a system of locks we reached the "Coal Harbour," which is part of the New Harbour of Wilhelmshaven. By devious methods and devices I had been able to time our arrival so that it would be too late to go out into the bay that same afternoon. We were told to make fast and prepare to stay the night. That was exactly what I had schemed for.

A popular cartoon in Germany designed to buoy the drooping spirits of the people. German sailors are depicted as weaving a wreath of mines round the coast of Britain, while the lion cowers with fear.

I Meet the Lusitania "Hero."

Through the courtesy of one of the harbour officials I was enabled to send a message to a naval surgeon, whom I had known in New York, and to whom I had been able to render a not inconsiderable service. The doctor proved a friend in need, and, to begin with, invited me to dinner at the Casino ("Officers' Mess"), situated in the park a few hundred yards from the Imperial Docks.

I was made most welcome by some sixty-odd naval officers. Among those whom I met I recall Grand-Admiral von Koester, Rear-Admiral Gadke, Admiral von Ingenohl, Rear-Admiral Hipper, and many others. It was on this occasion, too, that I made the acquaintance of the notorious Captain-Lieutenant Hersing, the (then embryo) "Lusitania Hero." I had a talk with him on submarine matters, to which I shall return later.

On entering the "Casino" I was at once struck by the large number of drawings, paintings, and caricatures, depicting the navy and its work, which almost covered the walls in every room and hall. Most of the caricatures, of course, played on Britain. Some of them were amusing. There was a picture of two mermen at the bottom of the sea, enjoying the many good things the Emden is throwing to them, which is a very popular poster. A large copy of it, set in a magnificent frame of mahogany and old gold, hangs in the Casino, between the portraits of the Kaiser and Kaiserin. It is surrounded by photographs of Captain Muller, Captain Mucke (who with a remnant of the crew escaped into Turkey), and other officers of the Emden.

Indeed, I shall long remember that dinner at the officers' mess at Wilhelmshaven; but if I could give a full shorthand report of the conversations I listened to that evening, I fear you would think I had dined in a lunatic asylum instead of an officers' mess. One or two examples will suffice.

Invasion of Britain by Air.

The talk was all "shop" and war, of course. That same evening a number of airmen had returned from "active service on the North Sea," and the conversation drifted into the subject of "Aircraft in relation to the invasion of Britain." It seemed that the idea of invading Great Britain with the assistance of the navy had for the present been shelved. The North Sea? Ah, indeed it was a great protection, a formidable obstacle; but, sir, remember the old axiom about a chain being only as strong as its weakest link. So with the North Sea. It is only as wide as its narrowest point—i.e., twenty-five miles. That was the great principle to keep always before one's mind, because in that figure Britain's future doom lay sealed! Calais, not Egypt any more, was Britain's throat, the key to British world-power.

Germany's motto was no longer "Our future lies on the water," but should read henceforth, "On the water—for peace; under the water and in the air—for war." What could prevent Germany, with its marvellous industrial developments, wonderful inventions, from building, say, 100,000 aeroplanes? After Germany had once taken firm hold of Calais, an army of 200,000 men could be thrown into Britain within less than half an hour, by aeroplane!

Of course, the invasion would be carried out during the night. They had only figured on two men to each aeroplane; but, considering the negligible distance, which would exclude the necessity of carrying any surplus gasoline, the carrying capacity of the machine might easily be doubled. The Landing?

"Ha! my friend, you may be certain that Germany, in an undertaking of this kind, would not risk failure in overlooking the smaller details. When the time comes there will be plenty of friends, in some disguise or other, 'British subjects,' some born, others naturalised, who will light the way for us. Burning houses, electrical appliances, searchlights, rockets, &c., will serve. Trust the German thoroughness to be prepared for all emergencies when 'The Day' has arrived. Already to-day the fear of invasion causes periodical panics in Britain. But it is most remarkable, even for the short-sighted British, that they never realised until the present war, and then only in a limited degree, the vital importance, nay the deadly menace, aviation is to their country. From the time the air was conquered Britain ceased to be an island. And they refused to listen to the brothers Wright, who gave them their first chance! British stupidity, British insularity!"

Parcelling Out the World.

The next subject which was discussed, and, of course, settled, was the peace terms. Europe was cut up and the pieces handed round like a birthday cake. "Every country that has joined us will be amply compensated. Those who have gone against us—well, God help them." The division of Europe will be about as follows:—

"Germany will take the Baltic provinces, including Petrograd and the whole of Poland. Austria will receive the whole south of Russia, including Kieff and Odessa; Turkey the whole Caucasus, including the Department of Saratow. The Russians must be separated not only from the Baltic, but from the Black and Caspian Seas as well. Sweden gets Finland. Serbia, of course, will go to Austria. Egypt will be returned to Turkey. If Roumania intervenes in time on the right side she will get Bessarabia and some minor territories.

"The embarras des riches of colonies will when the spoils come to be divided, actually become a problem. So far as India and Egypt are concerned, our only wish to-day is to help these nations to liberate themselves from the British yoke. To Algiers, Tunis, and Morocco we would also restore their autonomy. With Belgium we, of course, take possession of the Congo State. The interests of France in Morocco will cease at once, since she has used its natives to fight against us. Turkey will occupy the Suez Canal. The shares of that company owned at present by Britain will be declared null and void.

"The economical conditions under which the annexed territories will be incorporated in the German Empire may be of various kinds; but one fundamental principle should never be lost sight of, viz., that electoral rights—i.e., the right to elect members for the Reichstag—remains a prerogative of the Germans living within the old boundaries of the Empire. The natives of Poland will have their own Parliament in Warsaw; those of the Baltic provinces in Petrograd. The Belgians, of course, may retain their Parliament in Brussels, while for the annexed provinces of France—Calais, Rheims, Belfort, &c.—a separate Diet could be established. Poland and Belgium might even remain kingdoms with Prussian Princes on the throne.

"But though the conquered territories will have no voice in the Imperial legislation, they will, of course, have to submit to conscription. The young Pole from Warsaw will have to serve his three years in Hanover, Dusseldorf, or Cologne. The Frenchman from Calais or Rheims will be sent to Breslau or Posen. The Russians of the Baltic provinces, like the young conscripts from Belgium, will enjoy their military training in Bavaria or Saxony. But the great fortresses, such as Calais, Belfort, Warsaw, or Riga, will be garrisoned by none save old Prussian regiments."

About their fleet—why did it not come out and fight the British? Why didn't the British Fleet come and "dig them out," as Churchill threatened to do? Yes, they would come out and fight, but they would choose their own time—not when the British wanted them to.

These are a few examples of their conversation, and by no means the most extravagant. But they talked well, and I think they quite believed what they said. I knew how utterly useless it would be to try to argue with them. Besides, I wanted to have a look at the harbour and dockyards next morning, so I deemed discretion the better part of valour. One is not in Wilhelmshaven every day in these times!

Hersing and the British "Beasts of Prey."

Captain-Lieutenant Hersing, whom I mentioned above, had not reached his most dazzling height of fame when I met him. It was in the pre-Lusitania days. Still, he had already earned the Iron Cross, second and first class. With the U21, one of the smaller submarines, he had sunk what he described as the British "cruiser" Pathfinder. Besides, he had been active for a short spell in the Irish Sea, where he sank the Bencruachan and one or two other ships.

The names of all his victims—I refer to the ships—were neatly engraved on a silver cigarette case which he showed me, with the dates behind and a facsimile small Iron Cross in the corner. After sinking the Lusitania, he was the most popular naval officer in Germany. His friends declared that he received more love-letters, more proposals, love parcels, flowers and photographs than the most popular actor or actress ever dreamt of. Hersing told me that there was but one serious risk in his job; that was the British destroyers.

"Those 'beasts of prey' are on you before you can say 'knife'! They patrol usually in sixes or twelves, and it has become essential for us to show ourselves as little as possible on the surface. Up till now we have carried out this campaign in as much of a sporting spirit as possible; but since several of our U boats have been lost, as a result of their too lenient treatment of the enemy, that is going to be stopped. It's all very well to try to be humane, even in war time, but not at the price of suicide. We Germans are too easy, too sentimental, too tender-hearted, and our enemies take advantage of that weakness every time."

After dinner a naval officer came in, limping on a stick. He was formally presented to me as one of the survivors of the Mainz, which was sunk in the North Sea early in the war. His experiences had been quite interesting, so I was told. When he regained consciousness he thought, of course, that he was a prisoner in Britain. So he racked his brain for every possible vile English curse word he could think of to throw at his attendants. His English vocabulary was said to be extensive, and he rattled the unflattering epithets off one after another.

Strange to say, instead of becoming furious, his attendants all began to laugh, and they "laughed in German." (Englishmen cannot really laugh properly, they only grin, on account of their eternal pipe!) Oh, what joy, when he discovered that he was not in the enemies' hands, but at home, in the dear old Vaterland! He was so overcome that he swooned again. But his cup of happiness was mixed with many bitter tears at the thought of his ship, the poor old Mainz, his "Iron Home," now at the bottom of the North Sea! The tears almost welled into his eyes when he retold the story of this glorious escape.

No wonder that my brain was in a whirl when I left the Casino! It certainly had been a strenuous evening. Nevertheless, I spoke the truth when, on taking leave of my hosts, I assured them that I had spent a most interesting, entertaining, and instructive time.

NEXT WEEK—Mr De Beaufort describes his trip from Wilhelmshaven to Cuxhaven and Kiel.

Count Dohna Sellodien addressing the crew of the raider Moewe after that vessel's arrival in a home harbour.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

THE PREMIER'S HENCHMAN.

AN INDEPENDENT LABOUR M.P.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

THE weather was gloriously fine for the ceremony in Hyde Park this afternoon, and the flower gardens were aglow with colour when the King took his stand under the white canopy erected alongside the Knightsbridge Barracks.

Some people, noting the virgin whiteness of the tent, and the conspicuous mark it presented from above, cast anxious glances aloft to see if there were any roving German aeroplanes in the sky, but the majority of the spectators were too much intent on trying to single out the heroes who came forward to receive their decorations to allow their thoughts to be distracted by any fears of this kind.

The records of the men who received the V.C. and the D.S.O. were set forth in the official catalogue in bold, unimaginative language, eminently suggestive of War Office red tape. But, reading between the lines of the narrative, you knew that these soldiers had performed thrilling and glorious deeds, the gallantry of which even some undistinguished official in Whitehall had been unable utterly to disguise.

It is a long time since there has been a public investiture in Hyde Park, and the success which attended this departure from ordinary custom will almost certainly suggest its repetition to the authorities.

Dr Addison and the Cabinet.

A good deal of surprise has been occasioned by the report that Dr Addison, on leaving the Munitions Office, may be invited to take his place in the War Cabinet.

But while it would be idle flattery to suggest that Dr Addison's political gifts are of a kind to mark him out for this distinction, he would undoubtedly be able to relieve Mr Lloyd George of a great deal of the spade work which at present falls on him in connection with the Cabinet meetings. If the present Minister for Munitions enters the Cabinet, this, I believe, will be his principal duty.

Mr Lloyd George learnt his value as a henchman when they were together at the Munitions Office, and incidentally a very close personal friendship sprang up between the chief and his first lieutenant.

There is, by the way, a growing and insistent demand that General Smuts should be taken into the inner circle of Ministers, but the demand comes at present from outside rather than from inside the Cabinet.

Better Still.

It is satisfactory to learn that the weekly return issued by the Admiralty of our shipping losses by mines and submarines includes not only ships engaged on trade, but vessels employed as transports, hospital boats, and on other Government work. Thus the Dover Castle presumably appeared in the list of sinkings.

This makes the Admiralty return rather better than was commonly supposed. The point is important, for the loss of a great hospital ship does undoubtedly affect the problem of maintaining our food supplies. When a vessel of this kind is lost her place has to be taken by another boat, which, under more favourable circumstances, would have remained available for the carriage of imports.

Labour M.P.'s Dilemma.

No better illustration could be afforded of the disorganisation in Russia which the war has brought in its train than the present high price of living in Petrograd. At the leading hotels expenses work out on an average at something like £5 a day.

This fact, when it came to his knowledge, very nearly caused one Labour member to cancel his arrangements for visiting the Russian capital. He entered on the engagement without inquiring what the cost would be, and was dumfounded on learning what the conditions were.

The story that is being told at the clubs redound to his credit, because the money would at once have been forthcoming from official channels had the Labour member chosen to accept it. But being a man of great independence, he declined to accept any favour of this sort, and not until he could see his way to pay the expenses himself did he conclude his arrangements for going to Petrograd.

With the fare there and back and the hotel expenses the cost of such a journey very speedily runs into three figures, and if an extensive stay is made may easily run into three or four hundred pounds.

Invasion of American Nurses.

The American nurses have been lending a new element of interest to the London streets. The first contingent went out to France long before America came into the war on the side of the Allies, but their numbers were few, and they passed through London almost unnoticed.

The latest invasion is a different matter, and during the week the girls have been doing London after the approved American style. You run across them at the Abbey, in the Cathedral, at the museums, and, last but not least, looking at the shop windows in Regent Street and Oxford Street.

It is surprising the number who betray by their speech that they are Scotswomen by birth, but American by nationality. They take a keen interest in what they call the war scenes in London, scenes which the average Londoner has almost ceased to notice, so commonplace have they become.

To these American girls the processions of motor ambulances taking wounded men to hospital, the soldiers in all the uniforms of the Allies, the men home on leave from the front with their trench helmets slung over their back, and the recruits in training in the parks, some of them even wearing gas helmets, prove an endless source of interest and fascination.

OUR SUCCESS IN U-BOAT SWATTING.

WHY GERMANY DID NOT CELEBRATE THE JUTLAND BATTLE.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

THE good work of swatting the submarines is still being carried on with energy and success. The Paris correspondent of a Service contemporary reports that thirteen battles took place last April between the French "hydravaions" and hostile submarines, all of which terminated to the discomfiture of the under-water vessel. "Hydravaions," by the way, is the official French name for seaplanes. It is also recorded that various U boats have been sunk or captured quite recently off the coast of Brittany, thanks to the effective arming of the French steam drifters and trawlers of the Breton fishing fleets.

In the Adriatic a French or Allied submarine has succeeded in sinking a hostile craft of her own species, an incident so sufficiently rare as not to be passed over without observation.

In the United States naval critics incline to the opinion that we should maintain strong forces of submarines in the Bight of Heligoland for attacking the U boats. "Catch them as they come out of their holes," is the American advice; "once they get out into blue water it is pure luck if you flush a U boat."

Whether we are catching them as they come out of or go back to their holes, the decline in shipping losses show that something is being done to reduce the surplus alien and submarine population of the North Sea on sanitary grounds. The returns issued this week—or the "bills of mortality," as Mr Samuel Pepys would call them—show twenty-one casualties. Our worst losses occurred during the week ending April 22, and our least losses in the week ending March 11, thus:—

Week ending	Over 1600 tons.	Under 1600 tons.	Fishing vessels.	Total
April 22,	41	15	10	66
March 11,	12	4	3	19

While the latest return is—

May 27,	18	1	2	21

As this is within two units of the total for our "minimum week," the latest list is generally considered to be satisfactory, but for the fact that the great reduction in the sinking of ships under 1600 tons and fishing vessels has not extended to "Class A," over the 1600-ton line. For some unknown reason a kind of certificate was added to the last list by the Press Bureau, saying that the return invariably gives the totals of all tonnage known to be sunk by mines and submarines, whether employed on Government service or not. A total loss of 21 ships, including those mined, suggests that the U boats are not reaping so great a harvest just at present.

The reassuring point about the recent mercantile losses is that they have kept to an average of about 13 large vessels sunk per week; there has been no return to the abnormal mortality in the last fortnight of April, when 41 and 38 big steamers were "put down." It was feared that the "slump" from large losses to lower figures might be due to the fact that the U boats were resting after their great April effort. When they had been refuelled and refitted they would come to sea again, and the "super-sixteen hundred tonners" would again be sunk at the rate of forty to fifty a week.

Four weeks have now elapsed, and the casualties show no inclination to bound upwards to the appalling rates of last April; on the contrary, they seem to be steadily and quietly declining. A month is quite sufficient time for a U boat to be refitted—in fact, only a fortnight used to be allowed for this work in 1915. Yet the "resting submarines" which did all the damage in April have not yet come out of their lairs. Four weeks is not sufficiently long a period to draw sound deductions from, but we are already beginning to suspect that the U boats which caused all the damage in April are resting, not in port, but at the bottom of the sea.

Shipping loss returns for the next four weeks will be interesting. Either Germany will make another attempt at a big U-boat offensive, or the Allied antidotes will result in a steady decline in mercantile losses.

The Anniversary of Jutland.

A year has now elapsed since that memorable day, when the world's two greatest Battle Fleets encountered and fought each other in the misty twilight off the western Danish Coast. Neither of the combatants has yet chosen to reveal the full truth regarding the most important sea fight since Trafalgar. Despatches have been published, and I will only say that the Navy knows what those published accounts are, and how little they are worth. The true and complete narratives, submitted by the principal officers of both Fleets, may only be given to us two, three, or four years hence.

The anniversary of Jutland has not passed unnoticed by our press, but wisely there has been no attempt at any general kind of celebration. Neither the navy nor the nation desired gaudy "mafficking" over a day when nine thousand British officers and men lost their lives. The memorial services, held in London and the naval ports, are perhaps the most fitting observance of the hour when we bought victory at so dear a cost.

Germany still publicly claims, though in a more subdued manner, that May 31 is the most glorious day in the whole of her naval annals. Yet, after twelve months, which side has reaped the greater fruit from "The Day"? Our claim is the same that must be made for any twelve months antecedent to any date chosen at random—so many millions of men, so many million tons of stores transported by sea, the obliteration of the German commercial flag from the oceans, the isolation and capture of German colonies, and the dominion over all ships that sail upon the surface of the seas.

And to what use has Germany put her alleged victory. Twice since May 31 last have her Dreadnoughts and battle cruisers been seen at sea—once in August last and once again in November. Little has been said on either side about the German "post-Jutland" naval forays, but both expeditions were so disastrous to the enemy that he practically abandoned all scheme of Battle Fleet warfare last December. He resolved to devote himself thereafter to what has caustically been called "the warfare of guerillas and gorillas." Guerilla warfare is carried on now by the German Zeebrugge destroyers in the form of midnight raids and coastal bombardments; "gorilla warfare" is the apt description the enemy's submarines have earned for themselves by the inhuman and Simian ferocity of their attacks on shipping.

Why the Huns Did Not Flag-Wag.

By the agency of her Super-Dreadnoughts, Dreadnought and battle cruisers Germany claimed to have broken "the nimbus of British invincibility on the seas." If her High Sea Fleet proved so true a weapon, why did Germany abandon it this year to take up the weapon of submarine warfare? Why, after May 31 last, did not Germany gain any immediate and vast advantage from her alleged success at sea? Taking the enemy versions of Jutland as true, one can add a hundred more such queries. The answer to all is obvious, and understood by the world. "Ex nihilo nihil fit"—"nothing can be made out of nothing," and as there was no German naval "victory," Germany has no victorious fruits to reap.

Peculiarly enough, the German High Sea Fleet is not indulging in any jubilation on the anniversary of the fight. The explanation recorded in the German press is so extraordinary one cannot doubt its veracity. Admiral Scheer and the higher naval officers of the Hoch See Flotte have vetoed the intended demonstrations at Wilhelmshaven on "the anniversary of the Battle of the Skagerrak." They have also forbidden the fleet to assist in any of the proposed functions. The objection of the German admirals is that the proposed scheme of celebrations was not sufficiently large and imposing enough for the occasion. Scheer and Hipper decided that justice was not being done to their achievements on a commensurate scale! Accordingly, with the refusal of naval support, the whole scheme at Wilhelmshaven has fallen flat, and the money subscribed has been returned to the donors by the organising committees.

Such are the reasons given in the German papers. On the other hand, the explanation that Admirals Scheer and Hipper refuse to have their lights hidden under a bushel may be one of those official and perverted commentaries supplied from Berlin. In the German Fleet itself, there seems to be little illusion about the nature of the "victory," and everyone may have been reluctant to partake in such a sham. Whatever the real reason may be—vanity or reluctance—it certainly does seem strange that it should produce such a fiasco in Germany.

Splendid Achievement of British Monitors.

What few surprises the naval war does present us with usually consist of the appearance of Allied warships in unexpected places. We have had three such pleasing novelties revealed to us recently, the arrival of United States destroyers on this side of the Atlantic, the presence of a Japanese squadron in the Mediterranean, and the assistance given by the British monitors to the Italian offensive. It is of the last event I want to talk, because it is one of the strongest demonstrations of the way the hostile Fleets are penned down to their fortified ports.

The Adriatic is a "dead end." It is a sea which leads to nowhere, except to Austrian ports and Venice, and does not give communication from one Continent to another, as the Mediterranean does. The British, French, and Italian battleships do not seem to venture much into the Adriatic, on account of the danger to be met from mines and submarines. They are content to stay outside, leaving the Adriatic and the Straits of Otranto to be watched by light cruiser, destroyers, and patrol craft.

British monitors, as we learnt from the Dardanelles despatches by Mr Ashmead Bartlett, are slow and unwieldy vessels. Yet they steamed up to the very head of the Adriatic, to assist the Italians in their attack on the Hermada positions. So unexpected was the assault from the sea, the Austrians appear to have few positions ready on the coast to deal with a flanking bombardment from warships.

Taking any map, it is obvious that our monitors took "some" risks. They passed within twenty miles of Trieste, a great Austrian naval base, harbouring submarines and aircraft. Behind them they had the naval bases of Pola, Fiume, Cattaro, Ragusa, and Sebenico, one of which must have contained the whole Austrian Battle Fleet. It is true that Venice lies only sixty miles away, but our monitors are so slow, any Austrian battleships could have easily hunted them down and forced an action long before the shelter of the Venetian coastal batteries could have been reached.

In military parlance, our ships were very much "in the air." They were cheek by jowl with the great Austrian naval base at Trieste, and all lines of retreat to the Mediterranean were cut off by five Austrian naval bases in their rear. Had they been attacked by the hostile battle squadrons where could support have been obtained from? The nearest Allied Battle Fleet, summoned to the rescue, would be about six hundred miles away, and could only come on the scene of action thirty hours after being called up. By that time it would all have been over, bar the cheering in Vienna and Berlin.

Apparently the Austrian Fleet had a heaven-sent chance of running down and shooting up the British monitors with every prospect of success. But beyond making submarine and aerial attacks, they do not appear to have attempted anything. Why? The only explanation can be that the Austro-Hungarian Battle Fleet was pinned down, or "contained," by a great concentration of Allied battleships off its base. Meanwhile our monitors safely wobbled up the Adriatic and did their work. The enemy might have attacked our monitor squadrons, but, as a preliminary, he would have first had to fight a pitched and decisive battle with the combined and Allied Mediterranean Squadrons.

Alternatively, the Austro-Hungarian Fleet may have been blockaded in harbour by a concentration of submarines and the laying of minefields. In either case, the result is the same; the Austrians could only get at our monitors after suffering severe loss and injury to their Battle Fleet. On the principle of "not worth while" they decided to submit to the process of being "bottled up" without making any resistance, and the flank of the Austrian Army, resting on the sea, had to "lump it" with regard to the shell fire from our monitors. The fleet of the Emperor Charles could do nothing to prevent the amphibious attack on the Hermada positions.

WOMAN.

Who was it used to darn our socks?
Who charmed us with her frills and frocks?
Who gave us oft financial shocks?
'Twas Woman.

Who heard the country's call for aid,
And sallied forth to learn a trade?
Who fills the big shells, unafraid?
'Tis Woman.

Who plans and shemes with dauntless will
To keep the home together till
Her menfolk settle Kaiser Bill?
Brave Woman.

Who is it packs the parcel tight
With all that once gave HIM delight,
Who sobs and prays for him at night?
The Woman.

Who is it kneels beside the bed,
To smooth some fevered aching head,
Where'er the Crimson Cross is spread?
'Tis Woman.

. . . . . .

Who is it will contrive to run
The show whene'er the war is done,
Who'll boss the men who beat the Hun?
Just WOMAN!

Edinburgh. CHAS. NESS.

OFFICER WHO WAS ONCE AN ENEMY.

OLD SCORES FORGOTTEN IN FRANCE.

"THE CLOSER TO FRITZ, THE SAFER YOU ARE."

London, Saturday Night.

"I was in the war in South Africa, though I do not wear the ribbons. I was on the other side you see."

The speaker was a wounded officer—a South African of Dutch extraction, and a graduate of Oxford. He followed Botha through the German West African campaign, and got out to France in time for the Somme push.

Speaking of his men, the officer remarked, with a smile—"They are very lovable fellows, good-humoured, clean, smart, and obedient. At first I think they were a little suspicious of me—they did not understand the difference between "Van" and "Von," I think that must have been partly the reason. I told the sergeant the whole story of my life, not omitting the fact that I once had been an enemy of Britain, and I told him to be discreet in telling the men what I was.

"The change in the attitude of my fellows was delightful. The shy way they let me see how anxious they were to forget old scores, and how they tumbled over each other in their efforts to please! But, there! I know the type of old, and they have not changed; they are the most chivalrous soldiers in the world, none excepted.

Ding-Dong Struggle.

"My men were in the attack to the right of Bullecourt. The regiment in front took two lines of trenches behind our barrage, and I hear the Germans did not put on a barrage till the attackers were in the second line; even then it was not well placed. But the Boches, in the early morning of the 4th, about three o'clock, came on very strongly. Our fellows ran out of bombs, and were driven out by weight of numbers. We went forward a little later and bombed them out, and after that it was ding-dong, ding-dong counter-attacks from time to time. We took heavy toll of the enemy.

"The German can fight, yes, but he cannot beat the British soldier. I often heard my men deliver sage aphorisms regarding the Boche for the benefit of the new men in the drafts. One of them was this, 'The closer you are to Fritz the safer you are.' Another, 'Get in quick and bite quick.'

"Just how very sage these sayings are I can show you. As long as you are far enough away from the Boche he will snipe you as hard as he can, or turn his machine gun on you. Nearer, again, he will bomb you, and do it well. But when you get within striking distance he will either surrender or run. We are killing them in crowds, and our men are getting better every day, while they deteriorate."

OUR SUCCESS—Continued.

to stay outside, leaving the Adriatic and the Straits of Otranto to be watched by light cruiser, destroyers, and patrol craft.

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LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

New Form of an Old Query.

If the Food Controller's sixpenny loaf are tenpence, how many beans make five?—London Star.

Peace?

The mighty wheel moves; and its vast convolutions move, I am convinced, towards peace.—The Nation.

Good Business.

The boasted invincibility of the submarine and its consequent invulnerability are fast becoming things of the past.—Naval and Military Record.

Worth All.

It is worth all the money the Allies are likely to borrow for the prosecution of the war to see Englishmen cheer the American flag.—Los Angeles Times.

The Fighting Pacifists.

The one thing that makes German peace talk look like the genuine thing is the bitter manner in which the peace talkers are fighting among themselves.—Montreal Star.

Pay No Attention.

We must pay no heed to the nervous and excitable if well-meaning people who will shout, "Fire, danger, death, and destruction!" whenever the enemy manage to set fire to a thatched roof.—Spectator.

Lord Devonport's Record.

The story of his administration is a story of muddle, of precipitancy and hesitation, of inconsistent diagnoses, incompatible exhortations and unworkable orders which has brought the public mind into a state of utter confusion.—New Statesman.

The Noose in the Background.

The Central Powers, according to Talaat Pasha, the Turkish Grand Vizier, are "all united and must continue to fight." The union is that of murderers surrounded by the police, with the hangman's noose in the background.—Vancouver World.

Extrajudicial Procedure.

Although there are whole flocks of towns and villages in the Arras fighting zone, the names of which end in "court," the only "counsel" retained by General Haig in his controversy with the Kaiser are Sergeant Shell and Private Bayonet.—Seattle Times.

If—

No sovereign or statesman ever had a more troublesome situation to handle than the Emperor Charles at the present moment. If he gets through it successfully he must be a bigger man than anybody suspected before he came to the throne.—Truth.

A Trap.

The Stockholm conference is a trap. It will be the height of folly if our pacifists, the creatures who have insulted the British public with their unpatriotic utterances, are permitted to attend it and enrol themselves in a league to let Germany down lightly.—Dundee Courier.

Shatter Their Every Lair.

We must shatter every lair within our reach where the Huns are bred to do their master's bidding, where hate is rampant, and where the German breed have again and again exulted over the deeds of the airmen who bombed unprotected towns and villages.—Weekly News.

Inexplicable.

It is a strange fact, to us quite inexplicable, that though the war will soon be three years old, great numbers of people still expect a swift decision from every offensive, and fall back in a fainting condition, or in a despairing one at least, if it does not occur!—Saturday Review.

Hanging for Profiteers.

The first and most important business of the Food Controller is to put an immediate stop to all food gambling. This may be a matter of some difficulty, but it must be done, even though it be necessary to hang one of the profiteers on a gallows in Trafalgar Square as an example to the others.—Daily Express.

Class Legislation.

There is a tendency to think that, if anybody is to be made teetotal it should be the working-man. As for Lord Milner and his gang of autocrats, they do deliberately postulate that while the munition worker must be tricked or forced into abstinence it does not matter what the other classes do with their throats.—New Witness.

Pink Forms.

The registration of men between forty-one and fifty will be carried out on pink forms.

At forty-five
I may contrive
A figure lithe to show,
But scarcely think
My form as pink
As forty years ago.

—Daily Chronicle.

Casabianca.

Mr Runciman looks like being the Casabianca of No. 121 Abingdon Street. At least he seems to be the one conspicuous figure keeping the deck of the water-logged ship of old-fashioned Radicalism. He still talks of "Liberalism" as though it were the last word in progress, whereas it has become so antiquated as to have an historical interest.—Outlook.

CLERICAL TOMFOOLERY IN WAR TIME.

ABSURD OPPOSITION TO REPRISALS AND THE TRAMWAY DRAW.

BY DURWARD MACLEOD.

(EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

AMONG the multitudinous and varied forms of life by which these islands are now inhabited, there falls to be noted what—for lack of a better simile—I shall describe as a flock of ecclesiastical ostriches.

Curiously enough, the members of this unique aggregation seem to find contentment and sublime self-delusion by the simple process of burying their heads in the sands of avoidable ignorance—an ambiguous practice which inevitably creates grave doubts and probably unjust and unwarranted conclusions.

"Are they dead, or only sleeping?" is the question that naturally assails the mind of every intelligent spectator of the phenomenon; and the inquiry has gathered in volume and strength since the reports of the recent General Assemblies appeared in print.

One of the most outstanding facts of our times, I contend, is the ever-widening gulf which separates the Church from the great and growing mass of the people. And my use of the word "Church" includes the advocates and conscientious followers of all Christian creeds, dogmas, tenets, and schisms.

Animated by no desire to reflect adversely upon the incalculable powers for good possessed by Chrisianity, I hasten to announce the conviction that the waning influence of the Church is largely due to the manifest shortcomings of its preachers. Here, also, I would dissipate misunderstandings. Some of the noblest and ablest men of our generation have devoted their lives to the propagation of the Gospel, and for all such the nation is grateful.

Nevertheless, the cold, incontrovertible truth remains that the Church is distinctly out of touch with modern life and thought. Many of its pulpits are occupied by ministers of high intellectual attainment—occasionally so lofty that their ideas soar far beyond the comprehension of the average individual. In numerous others pedagogues sermonise pedantically; while in a few—a pitiful few—one is inspired by the presence of men endowed with the rare and precious gift of a deep and generous knowledge of things as they are.

And the imperative need of the Church today is for men of the last-mentioned calibre. They must replace the visionary dreamers and the fatuous idealists whose narrow, antiquated, doctrinal idiosyncracies seriously threaten the whole worthy edifice with ruin and disaster.

U.F. Assembly and Reprisals.

For example, let us consider the sweeping condemnation of reprisals passed by the United Free Church Assembly, and the still more remarkable utterance anent Sunday labour and its effect upon the weather, which was expressed by a distinguished ornament of the "Wee Frees."

I think it a matter for regret that the United Free Church Assembly was not in session at Folkestone on the occasion when that town was deluged with a bloody rain of death and destruction. Under such circumstances the calm, aesthetic, altruistic oratory of several of the principal speakers might well have sounded like the vapid outpourings of irresponsible maniacs.

Would those clergymen have stood idly by with folded hands and a prayer for forgiveness for the authors of the deed—on the ground that "they know not what they do?" Would they have gazed down upon the mutilated remains of our women and children and meekly, and uncomprehendingly, muttered, "'Vengeance is mine; I will repay,' saith the Lord?"

They appear to dwell in dreamland. Let them come back to the world of stern and unmistakable actualities! One thing is certain—if the God of righteousness and justice be not on our side in this war, as I emphatically believe, then we are in the wrong, and fight and strive in vain. Nay, more. If we are not the instruments of God's vengeance our cause is unworthy and our punishment sure.

God works through human channels. History presents no greater truth than that. Men sin on earth, and they and theirs—the guilty and the innocent—suffer before the grave conceals them from view. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap!" is a judgment that will prevail while this old planet whirls through the infinity of space.

And the German nation—gleefully rejoicing over the massacre of the innocents—is impervious to any verbal castigation or protest. Away with all this namby-pamby talk that condemns while it psychologically condones. Let the Huns but once realise that they are dealing with a people possessed of faith in the inexorable law, still in operation throughout the visible universe—"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"—and the bloody hands of the brutal, cowardly foe will be stayed in their ravage, unbridled work of wanton slaughter.

While that is not the opinion of the United Free Church Assembly, it is the firm conviction held by the Governments and military leaders of the British Empire and its Allies. It is the belief that permeates the ranks of our dauntless army; and the cry for reprisals resounds throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Yet there are eminent divines who evidently remain blissfully unconscious of the demand, for they have taken it upon themselves to blatantly state that the great body of public opinion is against this policy. They might with equal truthfulness assert that the sun has ceased to shine.

This absurd attitude towards reprisals is bad enough, but I question whether the limits of Parliamentary language will permit of full justice being done to the position stubbornly maintained by numerous ministers in regard to Sunday labour on munitions and agriculture. The fate of the Empire sways in the balance. Nevertheless, these ecclesiastical curiosities voice their horror over what they term the desecration of the Lord's Day. They impudently denounce Sunday labour as unnecessary, and prophesy that God will punish the nation for flagrantly disobeying His explicit injunction.

And yet our sons and brothers are nobly fighting and bravely dying for the freedom of the world and the cause of righteousness, for the sacred ideals and advancement of civilisation, and for the liberation of humanity from the most accursed despotism it has ever known. God is to punish us because we, who live in safety through the ceaseless toil and sacrifice of our heroic warriors, strive to assist them in their Homeric efforts to the best of our ability.

Truly, the stupendous folly of this clerical dictum defies adequate description. Such an illogical monstrosity would be scornfully rejected by a South Sea Islander. Need one wonder that the Church is losing its grip when twaddle of this character bleats forth from so many pulpits.

Listen to what the Rev. Angus Mackay, of Kingussie, the ex-Moderator of the Free Church Assembly, said a few days ago in an address to that body:—"I regard the attitude of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland towards Sunday labour on allotments as a grievous and terrible mistake. There is no doubt that these breaches of the Sabbath Day have been followed by very unfavourable weather."

For all I know—or care to know—the Rev. Angus Mackay may be a very worthy gentleman indeed. Nor do I wish to throw the slightest aspersion upon his saintly reputation. But I do unhesitatingly affirm that this portion of his speech to the Assembly reveals a greater lack of commonsense—not to mention adult judgment—than one might reasonably expect to discover in a resurrected citizen of what, in our enlightened times, we pompously refer to as the "Dark Ages."

Does He Know The War Is On?

The reverend gentleman evidently looks upon allotment work as a base and worldly sort of pleasure instead of what it actually is—hard, back-breaking toil to all who have laboured for six days of the week, and would fain loll about at ease on Sunday did not the call of duty forbid them.

Has Mr Mackay ever heard of the German U boats and the heavy losses sustained by our mercantile fleet? Is he aware of the fact that for months the columns of the Press have been crowded with appeals from our Governmental leaders—appeals having as their main theme the drastic necessity for strict economy in the use of foodstuffs and the maximum of agricultural production? In short—does he know that the nation is at war?

Mr Mackay, however, is not the only pebble on this fantastic beach. The Rev. James Henry, of Burghead, clasped his lily-white hands and piously informed the Assembly:—"We do not believe that munition making on Sunday is either a work of necessity or mercy, or a good way of winning the war. Nor do we believe tilling the ground on the Lord's Day is a good way of obtaining an abundant harvest."

That a presumably educated and evidently well-intentioned man—while in full possession of his faculties—should so place himself on record must remain an impenetrable mystery to every rational human being in this battle-scarred realm of ours to-day.

Glasgow Tramways Lottery.

Another deplorable example of puritanical censoriousness is the bitter ministerial opposition to the efforts of Mr Dalrymple, manager of the Glasgow Corporation Tramways, to raise funds for various war charities. As the public is aware, Mr Dalrymple instituted a system of numbered tickets, purchasable for one penny each from car conductors, the proceeds to be devoted towards rendering aid to our heroes broken in the fight for King and country. As an incentive, a few prizes were offered weekly, to be won by the holders of the lucky tickets drawn by lottery. The plan encountered instantaneous success, the drawings for one week alone amounting to fully £1300, as compared with a paltry average of £40 contributed to the red boxes with which the cars were provided.

What happened? A fierce chorus of condemnation ascended from the clerical dovecots, and the howlers had the nerve to stigmatise this splendid and praiseworthy idea as a grave menace to the Scottish people. The nation was plunging headlong into the abyss of moral and financial ruin!

To hear them, one might easily have imagined that the tombstones of the present generation were destined to be decorated with the all-embracing epitaph:—"Victims of the gambling evil! They perished miserably as a sequel to purchasing war charity tickets from the Glasgow Tramways Corporation in the year of our Lord, 1917. These vile sinners do not R.I.P."

I might quote innumerable instances of the grotesque conceptions cherished by members of this ancient profession, but the few to which I have referred will serve my purpose. They convincingly demonstrate an abnormal obliquity of mental and spiritual vision—an obliquity which atrophies the strength of what should prove a mighty force for the advancement of society and the alleviation of human suffering.

The cry of the empty church and the crowded theatre has rung in our ears for decades. Religious leaders mournfully declare that the fleeting joys of earth have usurped the place of Christianity in our lives; and they bemoan the fact that ever-increasing thousands seldom enter a church door.

What are the causes of this neglect? I hold that they are mainly to be found within the Church itself. It has failed to keep abreast of the times. Of dogmatism there is too much; of denominations too many. Biblical interpreters are forever quarrelling amongst themselves concerning matters of no moment. Petty enmities and jealousies are rampant, and these undignified and puerile squabblings jar upon the thoughtful men and women of our age. Hypocrisy and cant still flourish, and create feelings of disgust and resentment in the minds of millions.

We live in a great and wonder-working epoch. Change is all around and about. New truths continually render up their secrets; and new and grander conceptions of the might and majesty of God now shed their light upon mankind. The old ideas, picturing the Creator of the Universe as a Being whose attributes are repellent to all sane standards of human reason and justice, must go—and go forever.

And when those warped and twisted misconceptions have been banished into the limbo of forgotten things, I dare to prophesy that this sad old earth will have become transformed into a nobler and a happier dwelling-place in which to spend the few brief years that intervene between the cradle and the grave.

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

A REPUBLIC IN GERMANY.

KAISER'S "WAIT AND SEE" GOVERNMENT.

FEAR DESTROYING THE COURAGE OF THE TEUTONS.

(Specially Contributed.)

A very significant paragraph appears in the Hamburger Fremdenblatt showing only too clearly the terrible nervous strain of the German public and the difficulties with which they have to contend.

Fear and care (says the journal) gnaws at our life power, and sooner or later they will destroy the courage of the nation. The food question in all its importance still remains unsolved. A badly-nourished brain and an underfed nation can never produce creative thoughts.

It is really very depressing that the conversation of a people should all be about how many eggs and how much butter are being allowed per week, how to circumvent the Government and procure an additional supply of meat, and by what underhand means it is possible to run a private household on the old luxurious lines unrestrained by the new regulations.

Hundreds of housewives, I have been told, lie awake at night pondering the great question, "What shall we eat, what shall we drink to-morrow?" If they thus allow themselves to be weighed down by economic cares, then their power of courage and resistance is lessened, and the nerves of the nation become strained to breaking point.

Marching Towards a Republic.

"Patriotic Prussians and South Germans are asking themselves at present, 'Does the Kaiser still rule, or has Herr Scheidmann control of the affairs of the German Empire?'" says Herr Von Heydebrand in his speech at a political meeting. It is not to be denied that if the Government continue in their course it won't take long before we have no Prussia and no monarchial power, but a Republic. This continual wavering leads to ruin and degradation. We are waiting for the Kaiser to speak to us! I cannot give up the hope that the beneficent Providence which has held its sheltering hand over our dear Fatherland in times of yore can and will not let us perish in this great conflict.—Berliner Tageblatt.

The Hamburger Fremdenblatt voices the great discontent which is expressed by the Hamburg people with regard to the reduced potato rations. When the bread ration was reduced some time ago, the Government decided that every person would be allowed 5 lbs. of potatoes per week, and now the amount has been officially reduced to 1½ lbs. in Hamburg alone, a totally inadequate amount, and the Government allege as reason for this reduction the difficulties of transport. Whoever may be to blame for this disgraceful state of affairs, it is hoped that the Berlin food controller will see into the matter at once, and that Hamburg will at last receive a general ration, and that another evil, the coal famine, may be put a stop to at the same time.

A GALLANT MARINE.

Pte. James Baird, Royal Marines, a young Motherwell miner, who has seen service in Gallipoli, Greece, and France, has been awarded the Military Medal. Prior to enlisting he was employed in Dalzell Colliery. His parents reside at 2 Findlay Street, Motherwell.

CLERICAL TOMFOOLERY—Continued

NEW PHASE OF ALLIES' OFFENSIVE.

HINDENBURG'S ANXIETY ABOUT HAIG'S NEXT BLOW.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

THE long lull on the Western front has caused the Kaiser to indulge in a pæan of triumph that is premature, to say the least of it. The Emperor quotes the authority of Field-Marshal Von Hindenburg for the assertion that the great British and French offensive has come to a definite end. The Allies, he declares, have failed after a hard struggle of seven weeks.

Most people will read this effusion with a smile of amusement. An offensive which has upset all Germany's military plans, has lost them the Hindenburg Line between Bullecourt and Arras, and forced them to withdraw on to the switch line or reserve positions between Drocourt and Queant, has placed the French in possession of the dominating heights to the north of the Aisne and has caused Germany to use up her reserves to an extent that must have occasioned the gravest anxiety in Berlin, is hardly an offensive that can be written off the page of history as a failure.

Yet it may well be that there is a grain of truth in the Kaiser's assertion that the offensive on the Arras front has ended. But if it has ended it is because we are about to enter upon a new phase of the Allied plans.

That new phase may come swiftly, or there may be a continuance of the existing lull that will impose a further strain on our patience.

The Germans must know this as well as we do, and it is impossible to resist the suspicion that the Kaiser's telegram to the German Empress is intended, not for the information of the royal lady, but is designed to deceive public opinion in Russia.

The tactics the Germans are now pursuing belie the pretence that they regard the Allied offensive as finished. All the communiques of the last few days bear witness to the fact that the enemy are desperately feeling our lines to discover what we are about.

There is excellent reason for believing that Von Hindenburg is something more than uncertain as to where the next blow is likely to be struck. You hear of reconnoitring raids practically all along the front, and especially in the region of Loos. In one of his latest despatches Von Hindenburg even seems nervously anxious about the safety of the Belgian Coast line, reporting great activity on the dunes. And yet in the face of all this the Kaiser has the effrontery to say that the Allied offensive is definitely ended.

The Italian Offensive.

It is probably no accidental coincidence that the launching of the Italian offensive occurs at a moment when the Germans must be exceedingly puzzled to decide where the next blow on the Western front is likely to fall.

Some little time has now elapsed since Sir Douglas Haig was able to announce that we are now in possession of the Hindenburg line practically all the way from Bullecourt to Arras. The possession of this line represented the immediate, though not the ultimate, objective of the British offensive on the Arras front. Its occupation marked, therefore, a definite phase in our operations, and the enemy have at present no means of knowing the purpose to which we shall turn the advantages which we have won.

Very much the same position presents itself on the French front, where the Germans have sought in vain to dislodge our French Allies from the Chemin des Dames.

The French admit that General Nivelle's attack along the Aisne and in Champagne did not immediately realise all that was hoped of it. But it has placed them in possession of strategical positions which seriously menace the German communications with the Meuse, and the situation there must necessarily give the German Higher Command grave concern.

And this is the moment chosen by Sir Douglas Haig and General Petain for pursuing temporarily a policy of masterly inactivity. When a fresh blow is struck on the British front it must necessarily give some indication of what the next phase in the struggle is likely to be. Until they are possessed of this information the Germans are on tenter hooks.

According to the best informed of all the military critics in Paris there are now no fewer than eighty-four German divisions facing the Anglo-French front, and there is no doubt that further reinforcements are still being brought up. Von Hindenburg dare not divert one of these divisions while he remains in anxious uncertainty as to how affairs will develop in the Artois-Champagne theatre of the war.

Austria's Difficulties.

Our Italian Allies are taking full advantage of the situation that presents itself. The Austrians, like the Germans, have taken advantage of the condition of military anarchy prevailing in Russia to bring back many divisions from the East. But they can look for next to no assistance from Germany. Already there is bitter complaint that when they ask for aid from Von Hindenburg he sends them nothing but advice.

The Austrians, in short, must depend upon themselves, and upon themselves alone, for the defence of Trieste. And always they have before them the recollection of what happened last spring in the Trentino when they launched their long prepared offensive against the Italians, styling it, with insolent effrontery, a punitive expedition.

After their first success, due to the preponderance of military means collected, above all in artillery, the proposed invasion was quickly stopped. The enemy was counter-attacked, forced to retire in haste into the mountains, left on the Alpine slopes the flower of his army, and paid bitterly for his enterprise not only in the Trentino, but on the Plains of Galicia.

Unless they are very sure, therefore, that the Russians will be unable to attack for a considerable time to come, the Austrians must hesitate about absolutely denuding their line in the East It is not without significance that a German bulletin just issued notes an increase of fighting activity in several sectors in the Eastern theatre of the war, and adds the information that "Russo-Roumanian attacks are expected."

The Central Empires, in short, are beginning to feel the influence of the simultaneous offensive, even though that part of the Allied plans will not be capable of complete realisation until M. Kerensky has succeeded in reviving the military ardour of our great Russian Allies. And with a reawakening of the Russo-Roumanian front we might look confidently for a redoubling of effort by the Expeditionary Force at Salonika, where hitherto the Bulgarians have been able to mass big forces.

"A Long, Long Way—To Trieste."

With the advance secured during the last few days the Italians are now only ten or a dozen miles from Trieste. Those who expect from this an early attainment of the objective General Cadorna is pursuing hardly appreciate, however, the difficulties of the terrain. They are immense. It is said that when Sir William Robertson visited the Italian front some time ago, and studied the Austrian defences, he told General Cadorna that if he had to fight in a country like that he would not be able to sleep at nights.

If the Italians succeed in capturing the Hermada height, which is one of the outer bastions of Trieste, they will be able to look down on "the Promised Land" as we looked down upon it when we scaled for a brief while the dominating hills of the Gallipoli Peninsula.

The task the Italians have set themselves is, in fact, hardly less stupendous than that on which we set out when we sought to secure the passage of the Dardanelles.

Nature seems to have specially devised this country for defensive operations, and what Nature has done military art has perfected. The Austrian trenches, excavated to a great extent in the solid rock to a depth of several feet, are protected by parapets of sandbags, plated with metal shields, and surrounded by broad belts of entanglements cleverly hidden so as to escape observation.

To the rear of these defensive lines numerous caverns have been cut in the rock to shelter the troops during artillery bombardments. From Jamiano, which the Italians now occupy, there are two main roads to Trieste, one to the north and the other roughly following the line of the coast.

Between these two roads lies the great Carso Plateau, a wild elevated plain, every defile of which bristles with guns. The Plateau is some ten miles broad, and until it passes into the hands of the Italians there is no key to the closed door of Trieste. The Plateau commands the coast road along its entire length, and though our monitors are rendering this road impracticable to the Austrians for reinforcing their front, it is equally impracticable for the purposes of an Italian advance.

Monitors Co-operating.

It is a matter for deep satisfaction to everyone in this country that we are able, in however modest a manner, to render some assistance to Italy in the campaign she is conducting. The British land batteries which are assisting in the bombardment of the Austrian lines represent but an infinitesimal proportion of the artillery concentration General Carorna has brought to bear on the enemy's defences.

But there is ground for believing that the monitors which are co-operating from the Gulf of Trieste are causing not a little embarrassment to the Austrians. Nothing is more demoralising to an enemy than to find his positions turned, and his communications hampreed, by fire from the rear.

The co-operations which we are able to afford from the sea once more brings out the strategical value of the possession of Salonika. If the Germans had been left free to establish a base, or a series of bases, of submarine activity on the coast of Greece, the interference they could have effected with any such naval co-operation can be readily imagined.

Standing by themselves naval measures against the defences of Trieste could accomplish little or nothing. But in co-operation with the Italian Army on land they may achieve a good deal. But there are limits to the range of fire even of our most powerful monitors, and before the Italian troops can enter Trieste, not only the Carso Plateau but the strongholds to the north of Gorizia must be won. For if the Carso Plateau is the key to Trieste, these strongholds to the north must be regarded in their turn as the key to the Carso Plateau.

Hence the importance of the progress the Italians have effected between Gorizia and Bodrez. The Bainsizza Plateau is still in possession of the Austrians, but our Allies have obtained a firm foothold on its Western slopes, and the utmost efforts of the Austrians to dislodge them have proved of no avail.

THE SECRET SUBMARINE

By RIDGWELL CULLUM.

An After the War Story Called by the Author "The Men Who Wrought."

"Frederick Von Berger gazed out over the restless waters. The eyes of the young naval officer never left his charge." (A scene from a future instalment.)

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

Prince Stanislaus Hertzwohl, who perfected the German submarine, gives away the secret of a big submersible to

Ruxton Farlow, a British Cabinet Minister.

Von Salzinger, the military governor of Germany's secret arsenal at Borga, helps to kidnap

Vita, the Prince's daughter, with whom he is in love.

Prince Von Berger, an important German official, tells Von Salzinger that Vita has been condemned to death if her father—who has escaped from Germany on his secret being discovered—eludes capture.

Salzinger persuades Vita to write to her father, who is in hiding, explaining how he and Salzinger and Vita can escape to America out of the clutches of Germany's agents. The price to be paid for their safety is the sacrifice of Vita's love for Ruxton and her promise to marry Von Salzinger. Meanwhile Ruxton Farlow is nearly crazy over Vita's disappearance; and he confides in Detective-Inspector Purdie his plan of rescuing Vita from her enemies.

Ruxton Wins a Trick.

IT was the close of a long and busy day for both of them, and father and son, in the interim preceding dinner, under a bright moon, paced together the broad stone paths of the formal terrace gardens of Dorby Towers. For Ruxton the confined spaces of the house were suffocating. His nerves were on edge. His father, with the calm philosophy of his years, merely sought the fresh air which the work in his office denied him, even though it possessed the damp chill of an English autumn night.

"Anybody else besides Caistor coming for the week-end?" Sir Andrew's sidelong glance was penetrating.

"Lordburgh and Reginald Steele. There will be others—whom they may choose to bring."

"I should have preferred their coming next week," Sir Andrew went on a little wearily. "We should be under full work then. We are nearly clear now, and the naval mechanics are replacing the civil men next week. It's been hard work for us all. I shall be glad when everything has settled down again."

Ruxton glanced round at the speaker. There was a flash of anxiety in his eyes. It was the first time he had ever heard his father complain of the arduous nature of his work. A wave of contrition swept over him.

"I feel I've left too much on your shoulders, dad," he exclaimed. "I'm afraid I've been very selfish. I've burdened you with the responsibility of this thing, and given you no support. Somehow I never thought—and you have never complained."

"Tut, tut, boy," his father retorted in his gruff, hearty way. "I have yet to learn that I am too old for my work. It's work I've been born and bred to. Without it I should be a decaying man. Don't think of it. Your work is far more responsible, far more harassing. You are among those active thinkers whose life's work is the welfare of our country. Leave me to Dorby. Mark out the work you demand from me, and rest assured it will be thoroughly carried out. I haven't the imaginative brain that sees into the future and formulates plans whereby that future may be safeguarded. But I can build any fleet you can plan—single-handed."

There was pride and admiration in the smile with which Ruxton listened to his father's words. But the man was serious. He knew his limitations, and he also knew his capacity. Besides, he had no intention of admitting the strain of the work in hand.

Ruxton shook his head.

"I'm not even doing that, dad," he protested. "My time's given up to other affairs. I've simply abandoned everything for one selfish purpose."

Again came his father's sidelong glance.

"Selfish?"

"Yes; Vita. I must find her. I must help her. I must unravel the mystery of it all, or—what is the use of all that I had hoped to achieve? Dad, I no longer blind myself. I have only just awakened to life. All the hopes and longings of the past belong to a time when I still remained slumbering to the real meaning of life. Now, compared with the meaning of life which I have just awakened to, they are mere cold, meaningless products of the brain. They are nothing, simply nothing to this new vista which has just opened out to me. I doubt if you'll understand, if anyone can understand but myself."

"No?" There was a twinkling smile in the old man's eyes.

"No. There is only one thought in me now. I must save Vita; I must save Vita from our enemies. Perhaps, even, I must save her from herself. How can I expect anyone to understand all it means to me, how absurd seem all those other things which I had counted as vital?"

"And yet I loved your mother."

Ruxton walked on a few steps without reply. A flush had mounted to his handsome cheeks. Then he abruptly paused, and in the depths of his eyes was a shamefaced smile.

"I'm sorry, dad," he cried. "Forgive the egoism of a man—in love."

His father's smiling eyes were full of a deep sympathy.

"No, no, boy; no apologies. You are no different from the rest of us. We all feel the same at some time in our lives, and we all believe no one else has ever felt as we do. Work out your plans, boy. Forget Dorby; forget everything else for the time. Give your whole heart and time to straightening out the tangle your love affairs seem to be in. And when you have succeeded, bring her to me. For the rest, I am your deputy in the work which must still go on; and, believe me, I shall not fail you. There goes the gong."

The deep note of the gong seemed to rise out of its metal bowels; it crescendoed, and finally died away. The two men passed silently into the house and removed their light overcoats. Ruxton's emotion was too deep for words. His father's sympathy and loyalty were almost overpowering to a nature as sensitive as his. He wanted to tell him all he felt. He wanted to pour out his gratitude. He wanted to show him something of the great love he had always borne him. But it was impossible. He did none of these things because they were men—men of a temperament and schooling that made such a display impossible. So, in silence, they prepared to make their way to the dining-room.

But affairs were busier than either of them knew. In a very few minutes every other emotion became lost in the surge of events.

Just as they were about to leave the hall a manservant appeared from the direction of the servants' quarters. He was about to pass upstairs, bearing a tray. The quick eyes of Sir Andrew observed the pile of letters he was carrying up to the library. Without regard for the moment he stayed him.

"Is that the post just in?" he demanded.

The man promptly returned.

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, let me see."

The letters were divided into two small piles—those that were addressed to Sir Andrew, and those for his son. Sir Andrew picked his up. He glanced at the superscription on each envelope, and dealt them back on the tray as though he were dealing playing-cards. At the last one he paused. It was the largest envelope.

"That will do," he said, and glanced across at Ruxton as the man passed on up the staircase.

He tore the envelope open and stood with the contents of it poised in his hand.

"Ruxton."

The younger man turned from the fireplace. His eyes were expectant. His father's tone had been sharp.

"Yes."

"You'd better deal with this." He handed him the lesser envelope, which had been enclosed in the other.

Ruxton took it and glanced at it. His father's eyes were watching him closely; they were twinkling.

"It is tempting, eh?"

Ruxton shook his head.

"But Vita trusts us," he said simply.

Once again Ruxton found himself looking into the wide eyes and remarkable face of Prince Von Hertzwohl. With the simple courtesy which was so much a part of him, the latter had thrust his guest into the only chair his uninviting quarters afforded. For himself, he was more than content with the double flock bed, with its frowsy patchwork quilt. The chair creaked under Ruxton's weight, but he said no word. He was waiting, waiting while the other read the letter he had just put into his hands.

Ruxton was disguised in a suit of clothes that left nothing to be desired. Mrs Clerk, the landlady, could have possessed no doubts as to his calling. She knew the type of mechanic too well. Von Hertzwohl was still arrayed in his work-soiled suit, which his intellectual features denied as the yellow lamp rays fell upon them.

It was a serious, almost pathetic pair of eyes which were at last raised from the letter, which was in Vita's handwriting. There was something almost like dismay in their wide depths as they encountered the steady gaze of Ruxton's. It was a moment of grave embarrassment—but only for Von Hertzwohl. He felt like a man hunted before the gaze of the younger man's dark eyes.

But Ruxton had no desire to discompose him. His mind was clear, his course marked out.

"I want you to listen to me, Prince, for some moments," he began at once. "I have one or two things to put before you, simply and straightforwardly. In doing so I want you to realise my motive. I have told you, her father, of my love for Vita. That love burns as deeply in my soul for her now as it has done ever since I first met her. I want you to know that I am fighting for that love now, that I shall continue to fight for it so long as I have the power. Nothing will deter me; nothing our enemies can do, nothing Vita can say, short of a direct dismissal. This is my motive, simple and honest. I have not come here to ask you the contents of your letter from her. I do not want to know them. I do not come here to press you in any direction which your honour, your loyalty to your daughter denies. I have come here to tell you the things I know and the things I believe, without exaggeration, and to obtain your consent to a small favour which, in common fairness, you cannot deny me."

The embarrassment in the deep, shining eyes beneath the shaggy grey brows was growing. To Ruxton they were almost a child's eyes, so simple and earnest, and so full of unconcealed trouble.

"It is an ominous prelude," the Pole replied, with a poor attempt at a smile.

"But not so ominous as the denouement which, I fear, is likely to come when you attempt to leave these shores."

Ruxton's retort came with a quiet emphasis and directness which completely took the other aback.

"I do not see —— Is that a threat, Mr Farlow?" All the childlike trouble had vanished from the man's luminous eyes. They were shining with a definite challenge which revealed the ready spirit of the man, which Vita always told of.

Ruxton smiled.

"Not from me, sir."

"Then from whom?" The words were incisive.

"From your—our enemies across the water."

All the fire had departed out of Von Hertzwohl's eyes; only was there interest in them.

"Tell me," he said simply.

Ruxton drew a deep breath.

"There is so little—and yet, to me, so much to tell. I cannot force my line of argument upon you, because it is less argument than conviction. I can only tell you those things which I know, and assure you of my conviction."

The Prince inclined his head in a non-committal manner.

"This is the second letter you have had from Vita, in her handwriting, and addressed from her home. These letters have come through my father, just as you have received them. I am prepared to believe Vita has written them, but she has not written them from Redwithy. That I can swear to. Vita has not been near Redwithy since the day of your arrival here."

"And that is—true?"

There was a slight change in the Prince's manner, but it was an undefinable change.

"I will stake my honour upon it. Now," Ruxton went on after a fractional pause, "let us leave that. It could be explained—if for some inscrutable reason she wished to avoid me. Let me point out something else. When I came up here to meet you on your arrival I left Vita, who had promised ardently to be my wife, waiting, in a fever of apprehension, for a message from me of your safe arrival. That message was promptly sent, and it reached Redwithy. But before it arrived Vita had left her home with her maid, Francella, in a strange motor car, for a destination unnamed. And yet in a perfect fever of anxiety she had been awaiting that message. One moment," as the old man, with eyes wide with astonishment, was about to break in. "When I arrived at Redwithy that message was lying amongst a pile of correspondence, all of which had been secretly opened and resealed. Would Vita have arranged for that even if she wished to avoid me? Would she not simply have written me a note of dismissal? It is the commonest of common sense." He paused, with brows raised questioningly. "How came these letters to you, sir," he went on a moment later. "I do not know their contents; I do not wish to know them. But they prove she is aware of your safe arrival. And I judge they are urging you to leave the country, since you expressed no idea of doing so till you received the first letter. Now, sir, one last word and I have told you all I know and all I believe. Either those letters are forgeries or they are written by Vita under pressure. Vita is aware you are here at Dorby. Therefore she has been told, for I do not believe she has seen my message. She has communicated with you by the only means either she or anyone else could think of—through my father

"She does not know where you are, so she cannot be forced to betray you. But she can be forced to decoy you, or you can be decoyed in her name. Prince, a trick is being played—a clever trick; and my conviction of it is all the greater, since I would stake my life on Vita's loyalty to you—and to me."

"There is sense—common sense in what you say." The big eyes of the Prince were clear and luminous, but they were not looking at his visitor. They were gazing at the oil lamp on the table. "But you have not read Vita's letters, or you would see that much of your statement becomes impossible. I have not the right to show you those letters, therefore you must accept, or not, what I say. I assure you if there is a trick, or plot, it is so deeply laid that Vita cannot see it; and, in view of her letters, neither can I. Had I not received her letters I could have accepted your beliefs, but these letters put the idea beyond possibility. Mr Farlow, I am sorry. I could think of no greater delight, or honour, than having you for my son. If what Vita has done, if her course has been arranged with a view to breaking with you, then I can only say I regret more deeply than you can ever dream. All you have done, and are doing, and have dared in my interests have endeared you to an old man's heart just as surely as though you were my son. It is only very, very rarely that men meet men. In you and your father I have been doubly fortunate. Will you believe me when I say it? But for the rest it is not for me to decide. Your love for my daughter, I realise, is deep and sincere. It is for you two to settle it. But that she is in the hands of our enemies I truly and sensibly cannot believe. I assure you there is no hint of it in her letters. One final word. You fear that I am running headlong into a trap. Do not fear for me. I have none. My submersible will convey me to safety as it has done before."

The old man's words, so kindly spoken, so full of regard, and loyalty and courage, came without any shock or disappointment to the other. Not a muscle of his strong face moved. Nor was there a shadow of change from the determination in his dark eyes. When he began to speak, however, a dawn of a smile grew in them. It was a smile of confidence. The attitude of the other made his purpose a shade easier.

"Then, in face of my beliefs, you will go, Prince?" he asked.

The direct challenge seemed to slightly disconcert the other. Von Hertzwohl had spoken the truth when he said his regard for Ruxton had become as that of a parent. He felt that his reply must hurt him.

"It must be," he said. Then he endeavoured to soften his decision. "It is best so. Best for our work; for you; for—Vita. Ach! I would like to tell you all I have in here"—he tapped his broad brow with a forefinger. "But I cannot. I may not. Dorby has been a haven to me, and I longed to be near and witness the growth of that work which is to make impossible the vile cruelty of men, all the horrors of an indefensible slaughter. I told myself I would sit here and see my dream slowly, step by step, fulfilled. I said that you and your father were the labouring genius setting up the defence which was to serve humanity in the days to come. And in the pride and joy of my heart I told myself that mine was the brain that had conceived this merciful weapon, which I should watch grow to its final triumph. But now I know that it is not so. I may not achieve the triumph of my labour here, where it is to be achieved. My presence adds jeopardy to it. It adds jeopardy to you all. It must not be. I have made my mind up. I must go."

Ruxton inclined his head as though in a measure of agreement.

"If it can be done in safety perhaps it is as well," he said.

"Safety?" The wide eyes shining beneath the shaggy white brows were smiling and full of a boyish delight at the thought of adventure. "Show me. How can it be otherwise? Have we not held the secret of our landing? Who is to know the secrets of our cove? The tides—is there a Teuton spy who would face the entrance of that cove and believe that it is free to us to enter or leave it at will? No one would believe it could serve as a landing."

"No. And you will go that way?"

"Yes. I shall leave on Sunday night. The tide will serve us at half-past six. It is then dark."

The old man's spirits were rising at the thought of cheating his enemies. His eyes were full of guileless delight. Ruxton was regarding him with something of the same spirit lighting his own smiling eyes.

"It would seem safe enough. I can offer no objection. And yet——"

"Ach! you still fear for me," cried the other impulsively. "It is the obstinate English in you. Yes, yes. That temperament. You bite hard and will not let go. So."

But Ruxton suddenly bestirred himself. He passed the simple levity of the other by. His eyes had become serious.

"Look at it my way, sir," he said in a deep, urgent tone. "I have told you all I feel and fear. Suppose it was my own father, for some day I hope and believe you will become my other father. Can you not see all it means to me—your safety? I feel you are my trust, and I dare not risk unduly. Will you grant me a favour, sir—a trifling favour from your point of view? Allow me to take such measures to safeguard your going as I see fit. You shall not be made aware of that safeguarding, I promise you—except in case of the treachery I anticipate. I shall not interfere with any plan you may have made. I will, as our naval men say, 'carry on' and 'stand by,' unseen by you and by our enemies—unless danger threatens you. It is not much to ask, and it means so much to me."

The Prince's smile was very gentle as he watched the eager face of the other. The genuine anxiety of Ruxton appealed to him in a degree which was only reached out of his own deep regard. From any other such an appeal might have been met with ridicule. But in Ruxton it became something to be delighted in.

"Have your way," he cried cordially. "Do as you will, and I thank you from my heart for your solicitude. But it is needless. Believe me, it is needless."

But Ruxton ignored his comment. His sanction was all he needed.

"Thank you, sir," he said simply. "Have you given your man his orders for the submersible?"

The Prince glanced down at his letter unconsciously.

"No," he said; "not yet."

And Ruxton understood that his letter had decided the time of departure for him.

"May I convey them, Prince?"

"Why?" The smiling eyes were keenly questioning.

Ruxton laughed.

"Because I would like to make a small arrangement with him, which will in no way interfere with any orders you may give him."

"I see." The Prince was silent for some moments, pondering deeply. Then, quite abruptly, he seemed to reach a decision.

"Yes," he said at last. "I will send him his orders in writing, with permission to receive certain instruction from you. But my orders must be obeyed implicitly. Remember that. You must not change them in one single detail. Your word of honour, and I will thank you for conveying them."

"My word of honour," said Ruxton solemnly.

The Week-End Begins.

Vita stood up. The swift rise and fall of her bosom bespoke an emotion which found added reflection in the light of her beautiful grey eyes. Her attitude was tense. It was full of that suggestion of urgency which straining ears ever convey. She was listening. And every muscle of her fair body was tuned to the pitch of her nerves.

Her eyes were upon the face of a small brass lantern clock. The figures on the dial were indistinct in the artificial light, but she read them with ease under the influence of the emotion stirring her. The dull metal hands were almost together. It was on the stroke of half-past six.

Her masses of red-gold hair were completely hidden under a brimless hat, which sank low upon her head. A streaming veil fell to her shoulders, completely covering her hat, and ready to be secured closely about the fair oval of her anxious face. Her costume was a stout dark coat and skirt which displayed to perfection the beauty of her slim figure. Across the back of a chair lay a heavy overcoat of semi-military fashion. It was thick and warm. It was a man's coat.

The moments ticked away. Vita made no movement. The room was still; a dead silence reigned throughout the house. Yet, yet, to the waiting woman, a hundred various sounds blended with the solemn ticking of the clock. The long hand was within the smallest fraction of the half-hour point. At last she raised one long gloved hand. Both the slim fingers were pressed to the throat, hidden under the enveloping hat. Her hand was trembling.

When she removed her fingers it was with a gesture of impatience. And the gesture was followed by swift movement. She seized the overcoat and flung it across her arm, picked up a small handbag, and moved towards the door. Again she paused. Her hand was on the knob of the door. She turned it softly and gently pulled the door ajar. Her eyes sought the crack.

Lights were burning beyond in the wide hall-way. All was still, silent, and a deep sigh as of relaxing nerves escaped her. She opened the door wider. It creaked, and her fine brows drew together in anxiety. Then they smoothed again as the creaking ceased. Almost imperceptibly the opening widened. Then, in a twinkling it seemed, she had vanished, and the room was left empty.

As she went a door opened at the far end of the room she had left, and a woman's dark face appeared round it. For a moment she surveyed the empty apartment. Then she smiled softly. A moment later the face was withdrawn, and the door reclosed.

A creaking stair set panic raging through Vita's heart. The great staircase was old—so old. She stood, scarcely daring to breathe, wondering in what direction the betrayal would display itself. The moments passed, and no sign was given. She moved again, and in a fever of apprehension she left the step and essayed another.

This time there was no alarm. She passed on down the stairs, swiftly, stealthily. Only the dainty rustle of her skirts betrayed her movements. This she gave no heed to. It was always with her. Therefore it possessed no significance. The bottom of the great well staircase was reached. Her breathing was hurried, not with exertion, but as a result of the nervous tension. She was relying on a man's word—a Prussian's. She believed it honest, but—— A swift glance about the wide hall-place, and for a moment her nerves eased. The man was proving as good as his word. The doors into the various apartments were closed. The hall was empty.

Fresh courage flowed through her veins. She tiptoed across the polished marble, avoiding the loose rugs lest a slip might betray her. Then, in the centre of it, she stopped dead, her heart pounding out the alarm which had suddenly possessed her. Voices, men's voices, had reached her. And they came from immediately beyond a pair of heavy folding doors. She listened. The sound was slightly deadened. The doors made it impossible to hear the words.

Quite suddenly she realised that there was not a moment to lose. Without any further hesitation she flitted like a ghost, silently, towards the glass swing doors which opened upon the entrance doors.

She thrust them apart. She passed down half a dozen wide, shallow steps. The outer doors yielded to her hand. Then she breathed the fresh, chill night air of the valley beyond. It was good, so good. It was the first breath of freedom. Deeply, deeply she drank in the delight of it.

As the door swung gently to behind her, the folding doors of the apartment in which had sounded the men's voices were thrust apart. Von Salzinger and Johann Stryj stood framed in the archway.

"See, there is movement in the glass doors," observed Von Salzinger. "She has gone."

"I heard her," was the Secret Service man's cool reply.

Vita had paused only to put on the coat. Then, with skirts slightly raised, she sped on down the drive at something approaching a run. It was not easy in the pitch black of the night. But fear of pursuit lent her added power, and, surmounting every difficulty, she reached the iron gateway.

She breathed a great relief. The gates were standing open, and away beyond, and to the right, she beheld the reflection of light upon the roadway.

You will find stirring reading in next week's instalment. The story reaches a climax.

HER DESPERATE LOVER

A Romance of to-day

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BEGINS IN THE

WEEKLY NEWS

THIS WEEK

SCOTTISH PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By Our Special Commissioner.

D.S.O. For Glasgow Naval Officer.

Lafayette.

His many friends in Glasgow have heard with delight of the award of the D.S.O. to Commander John Innes Borland. This is the second honour that has come to the gallant commander, as in October last he received from the French Government the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. A native of Hillhead, Glasgow, Commander Borland has since his boyhood gone down to the sea in ships, and has voyaged over all the seven oceans. A popular P. and O. officer, Commander Borland was attached to the Naval Reserve for many years, and since the outbreak of war he has had numerous thrilling adventures "on special service." The gallant officer's wife, who resides at 6 May Terrace, Mount Florida, is a daughter of the late Rev. George Gladstone, in his day one of the greatest pulpit forces in Glasgow.

Baronets and Football.

In football circles in Glasgow and the West there is no more popular figure than Sir John Ure Primrose, who, as formerly, has been taking a keen interest in the Charity Cup competition, and was present at the formal presentation of the trophy to the Celtic Club the other day. He has been long associated with the "Light Blues," and has been largely instrumental in maintaining the high tone of the sport. At the close of a big match it is quite a common thing for Sir John to go into the pavilion and congratulate the winners. The present occupant of the civic chair, Sir Thomas Dunlop, has confessed that he also is now a keen patron of the game.

An Authority On Russia.

Lafayette.

So far as the City of Glasgow is concerned, no man has a more intimate knowledge of Russian affairs than Mr Alexander Denham. During the early stages of the revolution he was, so to speak, a closed book on the subject, but he has been quite confident all along that all things will work together for good with our Ally. Like Dr Sarolea, he has made an exhaustive study of the commercial methods of that vast country, and in view of the future development of trade between Russia and the British Empire, his knowledge should be of superlative value to the business men of the Second City. Mr Denham, who has held the post of Vice-Consul for Russia during a long period, is a man of tireless energy and few words. He has just been entertaining a party of Russian sailors on the occasion of their visit to the city.

A Busy Mines Inspector.

Mr Henry Walker, the Divisional Inspector of Mines for Scotland, has won the admiration of miner and owner alike because of his tireless energy and his obvious anxiety, while maintaining at the requisite level the output of coal throughout Scotland, to deal equitably with the interests of all. Mr Walker is a strong personality, and has undoubtedly a wonderful way with him. I am told that Mr Walker has been burning the midnight oil continuously of late, and a colleague of his is responsible for the statement that the chief of the mines inspectorate is at present the hardest-wrought man in Scotland. Mr Walker's brother, Mr William Walker, is second in command over that section of the Home Office which Sir Richard Redmayne controls.

Aberdeen Man's Invention.

Those blind people who in earlier life had the good fortune to enjoy their sight will be interested in the invention which has been made by Mr Douglas Johnston, Crown Street, Aberdeen. Mr Johnston, who was formerly a telegraphist in the Aberdeen Post Office, and afterwards held a post on the engineering staff in London, lost his sight three years ago, and is now engaged as a certificated masseur in Morningfield Hospital, where he gives his services on behalf of wounded and disabled soldiers. Some time ago his improved writing frame for the blind came before the notice of Sir Arthur Pearson and the committee in charge of the Blind Hospital for Soldiers at St Dunstan's, with the result that a large consignment has been sent there. The contrivance is ideally adapted for blind persons who at one time were able to write, and is to be preferred to the more expensive typewriter.

The Countess of Glasgow.

The Countess of Glasgow, who has just given birth to a second son, is an attractive personality, with a fine faculty for social service. She is a daughter of Mr W. A. Bell of Pendell Court, Bletchingley. A naval D.S.O. of the present war, the Earl of Glasgow succeeded his father eighteen months ago. His elder son, Viscount Kelburn, is nearly seven. Early in the conflict his Lordship lost a brother, who married a sister of Mrs Roger Keyes, the wife of a new rear-admiral. Another brother is a skilful and daring airman.

Thoughtful Generosity.

I hear nothing but praise amongst the people of Hamilton for the thoughtful and judicious generosity of ex-Bailie and Mrs John Cassells, Bothwell Road. A large expanse of ground adjacent to the Dixon Public Park is being placed under cultivation with a view to raising produce for soldiers' and sailors' widows throughout the town. The spade work is being undertaken by soldiers attached to a Labour Battalion, and each evening for some considerable time now ex-Bailie and Mrs Cassells have dispensed a lavish hospitality to the tired soldiers. The tea and edibles have come to be regarded as a delightful break in an arduous spell of graft. The soldiers have tackled this labour of love on behalf of the Ducal Town's war widows with an enthusiasm which has everywhere compelled admiration.

A Versatile War Worker.

Lafayette.

Among the most versatile war workers in Scotland is Mrs Murray of Polmaise, Stirling. Within recent months she has been working morning, noon, and night raising money on behalf of the brave fellows at the front. This is a phase of activity which is by no means new to her, for even in the days of peace she was a strenuous worker on behalf of charity, her water-colour exhibition at the Dore Gallery in Bond Street being a feature of the artistic life of London. Mrs Murray is an acceptable vocalist, and recently sang with much acceptance at a charity entertainment in the King's Theatre, Edinburgh. At the commencement of the war her brother, Colonel Stephenson, commanded the 2d K.O.S.B. He was badly wounded at Mons, and for two years a prisoner in Germany. The Colonel is now interned in Switzerland.

Paisley's Youthful Champion Swimmer.

Famous the world over as the town of thread, Paisley may soon be equally well known as the town of expert swimmers. The aquatic art has always found strong supporters among the younger generation there, and Miss Sarah M. Campbell, who is only fifteen years of age, has just gained the diploma of the Royal Life-Saving Society, which is that institution's highest award. Miss Campbell, who is the youngest swimmer in Great Britain to hold this honour, has won all her certificates in the short space of eight months, which is another record. Miss Campbell is at present on the staff of the Corporation Baths as an assistant swimming instructress.

Bob M'Coll Joins Up.

So the one and only R. S. M'Coll, of International fame, is in the army. When "Bob" joined up with the Motor Transport section of the Army Service Corps he did so with characteristic quietness, and I think I was the first to incidentally discover that he had donned the uniform. A thorough sport, a staunch patriot, and a Britisher to the backbone, "Bob" thus helps to swell the ever-growing list of Queen's Park players who are now doing their bit for King and country.

Alive After All!

Lieut. Norman A. Leckler, of the Royal Flying Corps, was reported officially missing on 5th April, but his father, Mr W. Leckler, a few days ago received the gratifying intimation by telegram from the Geneva Red Cross that he is alive, though wounded, and is a prisoner of war at Douai. Lieutenant Leckler, whose father is well known in Scotland, was formerly at school in Stirlingshire, and was studying for his B.Sc. degree at the Edinburgh University prior to enlisting in the Royal Scots. He afterwards joined the Manchesters, and later was promoted to the Royal Flying Corps. Two other brothers are also in the Army, and a third died in hospital after rendering valuable service to his country.

Ex-Bailie Tom M'Kerrell.

To-morrow ex-Bailie Thomas M'Kerrell, J.P., Kilmarnock, a prominent figure in Trades Union and labour circles in the West of Scotland for the past 20 years, begins his new duties at the Ministry of Labour in London. Mr M'Kerrell was elected a Magistrate of Kilmarnock when only 29 years of age. He is at present chairman of the Trades Union Congress, and besides being a popular public orator, he wields a ready pen, and has travelled extensively on the Continent. Mr M'Kerrell had a hearty send-off from Kilmarnock last night.

Atholl Nurse on Transylvania.

Nurse Annie Cameron, daughter of Mr P. Cameron, Haugh of Tullymet Farm, Ballinluig, has returned home for a brief rest after trying experiences in connection with the torpedoing of the transport Transylvania in the Mediterranean. "Not a word was said," explained Nurse Cameron, "as we heard the dull thud which told us only too surely that the enemy missile had found its mark. But there was no panic, and the conduct of all on board was simply magnificent. The boat I was in was swamped, and for nearly an hour we were time and again swept under the surface by the waves. We were rescued by a Japanese war vessel, and landed at a small port, where the people showed us every sympathy. For three days I and twenty others of the nursing contingent were guests in a convent. The bands played and the people cheered us whole heartedly as we left for Marseilles."

Nurse Cameron looks forward shortly to obeying again the summons to duty abroad. She was for some time a Queen's Jubilee Nurse in Perth, and since the war has been on duty at Craigleith Military Hospital, in Edinburgh.

A Stirlingshire War Worker.

Lafayette.

When much that is now regarded as important is forgotten the enterprise of the lady war workers of Scotland will remain fragrant in the public memory. Among those who have taken an active part in this enterprise is Mrs Alexander Moore, of 2 Lancaster Crescent, Glasgow, who has been diligent in sending vegetables to the Fleet and in collecting eggs for the various hospitals. This work has been accomplished largely in Stirlingshire, and has been greatly appreciated. Mrs Moore is the wife of Mr Alexander Moore, a well-known Glasgow business man who has a pretty residence at Kippen.

Risen from the Ranks.

Lieutenant W. S. M'Kenzie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, youngest son of Mr and Mrs Alex. M'Kenzie, of Stanley, Perthshire, has been awarded the D.S.O. for gallantry in the field. The honour was conferred upon him by General Maude for conspicuous bravery in defending positions at the taking of Bagdad. Lieutenant M'Kenzie has seen much active service, and has taken part in the present campaign both in France and Mesopotamia. Among other decorations he holds the Delhi Medal. It is noteworthy that both Lieutenant M'Kenzie and his brother, Captain Angus M'Kenzie, now of the Manchester Regiment, rose from the ranks. They joined the 1st Seaforths, and were promoted on account of their ability, step by step, until they finally enjoyed the distinction of receiving their commissions. Needless to add Stanley is exceedingly proud of her gallant sons.

A Popular Preacher.

Mr J. W. Moodie, the well-known soldier evangelist, who is visiting his native town, Selkirk, has had a varied career. He had the unique experience of travelling over 50 miles of the North-Western front in connection with the Y.M.C.A.—from near Loos, in the south, to Neuve Chapelle, Armentieres, and Ypres. The last-mentioned he calls a City of Silence—so quiet and deserted are the ruined streets. "It is indeed a treat to meet some of the men serving in the ranks," says Mr Moodie. "It is no uncommon thing to find yourself chatting with University men, members of the Bar, ministers of the gospel, and editors of newspapers. A man said to be in possession of nearly £10,000 a year was busy washing up the dinner dishes when I strolled in to have a talk with him."

Mr Moodie took part in the relief of Kandahar under Lord Roberts, and was at Tel-el-Kebir under Lord Wolseley, and at Ladysmith under Sir Redvers Buller.

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

(1) Miss Ethel Levy, at the Empire Theatre, Glasgow; (2) Charles Austin in "Parker's Wedding," at the Edinburgh Empire; (3) Mackenzie Murdoch, the eminent Scottish violinist, at the King's, Dundee; (4) Miss Cressie Leonard in "A La Carte," at the Alhambra, Glasgow; (5) Miss Betty Carleton, one of our prettiest revue actresses; (6) Dave O'Toole and Dorothy Vaughan, at the Glasgow Alhambra; (7) Miss Mary Anderson, at a flying matinee at the Glasgow Empire to-morrow afternoon.

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COLISEUM, GLASGOW.
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
"FOLLOW THE FLAG."
THE GREAT SPECTACULAR PATRIOTIC REVUE,
WILL RUN ANOTHER WEEK.
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Box Office, 11 to 4—6 to 9.30 p.m.
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EMPIRE, GLASGOW.
MONDAY, 4th JUNE.
SPECIAL MATINEE.
HER ONLY APPEARANCE IN GLASGOW.
MISS MARY ANDERSON
IN
"PYGMALION & GALATEA."
Miss ANDERSON will devote the Entire Amount of her Share of the Proceeds to Charity.
SPECIAL PRICES 1s to 42s (Tax extra).
BOOKING PLAN NOW OPEN.

LA SCALA, GLASGOW.
MON., TUES., WED. 4th, 5th, 6th June.
"MARTYRDOM OF PHILIP STRONG."
By the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.
SAFETY FIRST AMBROSE.
Two-Part Triangle Comedy.
USUAL COMEDY AND TRAVEL FILMS.
THURS., FRI., SAT., 7th, 8th, 9th June.
MARGUERITE CLAYTON in
"THE HEART OF VIRGINIA KEEP."
"RELIABLE HENRY."
Metro-Drew Comedy.
ALL WEEK—
Miss APRIL PENDARVIS (Contralto).

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MATINEE, TUESDAY, 2.30.
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KING'S THEATRE, DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY—7 and 9.
MONDAY, June 4, 1917.
MILES STAVORDALE QUINTETTE,
"Songs without Singers." "Voices on Strings."
NEIL GOW, the New Scottish Comedian.
MACKENZIE MURDOCH,
Eminent Composer and Violinist.
WESTON & LYNCH, in a Screaming Absurdity.
And FULL VARIETY COMPANY.
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LA SCALA, DUNDEE.
'PHONE 384. 30 MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, June 4th, 5th, 6th.
"THE QUEST OF LIFE."
A Famous Player Production,
Featuring MAURICE and FLORENCE WALTON, the Famous Dancers.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, June 7th, 8th, 9th.
"THE WAGER,"
by the Metro Films Co.,
Featuring "Miss EMILY STEVENS."

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE, SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
MON., TUES., AND WED.
BEGINS OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL,
"THE FANATIC."
From the Novel by Louis Tracy, featuring the Great American Actor, EDWIN STEVENS.
An Oriental Mystery Serial, in 16 Episodes, One Every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.
Also, GRACE VALENTINE in "DORIAN'S DIVORCE," Metro Wonderplay, in 5 Reels.
THURS., FRI., AND SAT.
"THE AVALANCHE OF FATE."
An Armando Vay Production, in 5 Acts.
Also, EPISODE 15 of THE LAUGHING MASK.

ELECTRIC THEATRE, NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.
Showing MON., TUES., and WED.—"ELLA HALL" in "SECRET LOVE." Blue Bird Photoplay, in 4 Reels. Also, "THE TURN OF THE ROAD," Vitagraph Blue Ribbon Feature, in 4 Reels.
Showing THUR., FRI., and SAT.—EULALIE JENSON in "FOR A WOMAN'S FAIR NAME," another Blue Ribbon Winner, in 4 Reels. Also, MARY FULLER in "A DAUGHTER OF THE NILE." 3 Reels.
Prices as Usual.

PALACE PLAYHOUSE, DUNDEE.
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE, 7-10.30.
MON., TUES., and WED.
THE SELFISH WOMAN.
THURS., FRI., and SAT.
THE KISS.

"Their Scottish Mother."

This is the affectionate appellation with which our oversea boys speak of Mrs Jackson, the matron of the Overseas Club, in Rutland Square, Edinburgh, who is proving a veritable Scottish mother to the lads, although of English origin herself. When asked to take on this work for the Victoria League, Miss Jackson was very doubtful, as her only experience had been in connection with a hostel for a girls' school. But her sympathy with the lads and her intuition have proved better than any experience she could possibly have gained, as the many letters she receives from the boys and from their mothers clearly point out. One candid correspondent wrote recently that when he left he gave expression of his appreciation to a chum regarding the lady in the colloquial phrase, "My son, isn't she a stunner?" and his friend's reply was as characteristic, "A real dinkum!" Needless to say they were Australians.

THE TRACK.

TIPS FOR CELTIC PARK THIS WEEK.

All for Celtic Park on Saturday, where you are certain to get full value for your money. I am asked to remind the "peds" that entries close first post to-morrow (Monday).

Four racing events, and a five-a-side competition make up an interesting programme. Celtic, who meet Thirds with the following team, should just about get there:—Shaw, Dodds, M'Coll, Browning, and Gallagher. I am anticipating most danger from the Queen's five, who meet Partick Thistle in the first round. Rangers meet Clyde, and Clydebank meet Motherwell. The last named are reported to have a good five, but I fancy the best will remain at Motherwell for the National Projectile meet at Fir Park.

Three flat events have filled well, and the dark horses still come. It will take a good tipster to get at the winners so early in the season. Several of the old firm look the goods on paper, and the Celts' cinders suit the backmarkers, though a lad who ran round in the Celts' 100 last year, Johnnie Crawford, a Bothwell Harrier, should be in the picture from the 7 yards' mark. Of the lads behind I fancy Archie Devine, the West boy, or Willie Wilson, Shettleston.

I would not be surprised if any of the lads I have mentioned were to win the 220 yards, and chalk up the first double event of the season. Jamie Wilson, a big B.H. boy, will see to the pace all right.

Keep your eye on the Eglinton crowd in the two distance events. They have some real hot stuff, who train near Nobel's, and the boys down that way have been keeping fit during the winter.

Joe Dodds is acting as secretary of the meeting, and every penny raked in will be handed over to the Smyllum Orphanage at Lanark.

The Celtic Directors present both sets of prizes for the five-a-side, and the Celts players find the goods for the 100 up.

HARRIERS ON SERVICE.

Alex. Justice, the Scottish walking champion, attached to the Royal Engineers, has left for the front. Corporal Ford, the Fusilier, who put up some good half-miles last year, has also returned to the trenches.

Sergeant George Rae has been wounded, and is at present in Blighty. George picked up a lot of prizes during the past two seasons, and was just about the pick of our backmarkers.

Sandy Baxter, who was a prominent cyclist in the old racing days, is organising a big Red Cross sports for Edinburgh on Saturday, 7th July. Tancy Lee is expected to give a show.

Jimmy M'Donald, the Killie manager, has all the arrangements well in hand for the big Red Cross meeting which comes off at Rugby Park on Saturday, 23d June.

WHIPPETING.

GLASGOW MEET.

At Rockvilla Grounds, Glasgow, yesterday. Details:—

200 Yards Handicap (first prize, £10; heat-winners, 3s each)—First and second in heats—Mr Craig's Half-Brown (26) and Mr Dean's Sun Queen (18); Mr Arthur's Won't Do It (13) and Mr Cullen's Wee Gallacher (10½); Mr Cullen's Nellie (29½) and Mr Dougan's Greenhill Lass (28½); Mr Brown's Sporting Lad (20½) and Mr Jeanette's Blackamore (30½); Mr Munro's Nigger (25½) and Mr Evan's Black Agnes (17½); Mr Allan's Orchard (16½) and Mr Sim's Lloyd George (20½) (dead heat for first place); Mr Pratt's Dark Day (12) and Mr Young's Ayrshire Lad (25½) and Mr Ferrier's Scotch Thistle (13½) (dead heat for second place); Mr Mischief's Cracob (23) and Mr Lawrence's Newhouse Lass (26); Mr M'Evan's Principal Boy (25) and Mr M'Conville's O.K. (27); Mr Clyde's Beauty (13) and Mr Ross' Snooks (16); Mr Brady's Pike (29½) and Mr Orr's Pike (29½); Mr M'Dolgan's Kitty (19) and Mr Kirkwood's Go Easy (11); Mr Bell's Lady Pearce (28½) and Mr Evan's Whin Bloom (19½); Mr Boyd's Chief of the Clan (21) and Mr Reilly's Black Flora (32); Mr Caldwell's Remembrance (29½) and Mr White's Blackbird II. (26); Mr Caulfield's Breadwinner (12) and Mr Boyle's Lord Annandale (15); Mr Judge's Flora (32) and Mr Jack's Kitty Gray (17½); Mr Kinson's Velvet (21) and Mr Conti's Blue Girl (10); Mr Marshall's Bonnie Doon (30½) and Mr M'Cruden's Wild Lassie (32); Mr M'Manus' Black Chief (23) and Mr Hunter's Annie (22); Mr Leighton's Smile (30½) and Mr Welsh's Tender Foot (15½); Mr Mack's No Use (20½) and Mr Cunningham's Little Mary (17); Mr Heaney's Black Ned (21½) and Mr Smith's Water Lily (24½); Mr Tollan's Sky Lass (23) and Mr M'Donald's Heatherbell (26½).

First Semi-Final—Sporting Lad and Blackamore.
Second Semi-Final—Kitty and Dick.
Third Semi-Final—Bonnie Doon and Flora.
Fourth Semi-Final—Black Ned and Little Mary.
Final—1 Mr Judge's Flora, 2 Mr Brown's Sporting Lad, 3 Mr Jeanette's Blackamore. Also ran—Kitty, Dick, Bonnie Doon, Black Ned, Little Mary.
Betting—5 to 4 against Sporting Lad, 2 to 1 against Kitty, 4 to 1 Black Ned, 5 to 1 Blackamore, 6 to 1 Flora, 8 to 1 others. Won by inches.

EDINBURGH HANDICAP.

A special 190 yards dog handicap was run off at Powderhall Grounds yesterday for £20 in prize money. Final (£16)—Mr Ward's (Leith) Searchlight (30). Other finalists receive £1 each—Mr Skelding's (Cowdenbeath) Golden Sun (28); Mr Dunsmore's (Bathgate) Bee (38); Mr Glancy's (Portobello) Black Jester (37); Mr Hughes' (Winchburgh) Get Back (36); and Mr Malcolm's (Edinburgh) Tide Time (38). Betting—Evens Bee, 6 to 4 against Searchlight, 6 to 1 Golden Sun, 12 to 1 Tide Time, 20 to 1 Black Jester. Won by a foot. Time—10¼ secs.

LOCHGELLY HANDICAP.

This handicap was held yesterday afternoon, the first prize being increased to £10, and there was a record entry of dogs. Result:—1 Mr Gregory's (Glencraig) Die (12); 2 Mr Jack's (Glencraig) Give It a Chance (14½); 3 Mr Fraser's (Glencraig) White Socks (9½); 4 Mr Naesmith's (Queensferry) Lot (14½). Betting—Evens Die.

COATBRIDGE HANDICAP.

The usual weekly handicap took place on Mr Richardson's grounds at Coatbridge yesterday afternoon. The programme opened with the final rounds in the previous week's handicap.

Results:—First semi-final—1 M'Ghie's Bramble Boy (37), 2 Smith's Harry (39). Second semi-final—1 Clark's Blood Mixture (31), 2 Gibson's Go Bang (39). Final—1 Bramble Boy, 2 Blood Mixture. Betting—2 to 1 on favourite, others 4 to 1. Twenty heats in a new handicap were afterwards completed. Winners:—Wilson's Lady Ann (38), Bennett's Blue Boy (33), Biggar's Blue Streak (41), M'Dermuck's Councillor (33), Sloan's Mackerty Lass (41), James' Nellie Ray (38), George's Countess (43), Brown's Bit of Fashion (46), Montgomery's Rosemary (39), Thomson's Hurry On (44), Greenan's My Pal (44), Gorrie's Vesta Tilley (43), M'Cabe's Black Knight (45), Tony's Jenny Lee (31), M'Cabe's Wee Lizzie (45), M'Cabe's Frisky (43), Allan's Honour Bright (45), Bell's Royal Scot (38), Phee's Star Turn (45), Mount's Glenlee (44).

BOWLING.

The Kinnon Wood Cup, a trophy in which Glasgow East End bowling clubs are interested, was decided yesterday afternoon, when 8 rinks won by Shettleston (Dip), with a total of 104, against their opponents' 68. Second place was taken by Springbank, who scored 101 to their opponents' 75.

£655 DRAWN AT JUNIOR FINAL BREAKS THE RECORD.

BELL'S BRILLIANT DOUBLE EVENT AT DUMBARTON SPORTS.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM OF YESTERDAY'S LEADING ATHLETIC EVENTS.

A record Scottish junior final, but a mighty poor display of football. That was the verdict of the vast majority of the crowd of 30,000 or so which filled Partick Thistle's neat enclosure at Firhill, and it fits the situation to a nicety. Exclusive of the stands and enclosures—and both were packed as tightly as a pre-war tin of sardines—the drawings at the gate totalled the huge sum of £655, which easily tops the previous record of £542 taken at the same ground last season, when Petershill and Parkhead fought out the final.

And there's more money in this Renfrewshire final, as nary a goal was scored at the end of ninety minutes, which means a replay. While there was plenty of excitement, St Mirren's second string had the benefit of a fairish breeze during the first half, and while they pinned the lads from Renfrew pretty much to their own end of the field for the first twenty minutes of the game, Goalkeeper Hunter was seldom called upon to handle. The shooting was wretched. But for this the respective sets of backs had a lot to do. It was a case of get the ball away first time and no dallying. Opportunities for scoring certainly were few. When they did present themselves a wild kick terminated the siege generally.

DEFENCE BEATS ATTACK.

On the full run of the play neither side deserved to lose, and certainly neither deserved to win the trophy. The defence had the bulge of the forwards every time and all the time, and there was no better defender than wee Anderson, the left back of the Renfrew Juniors. Alike in kicking and tackling, the International defender was in his element, and Rodger and Lauder fared but indifferently against this resolute back. The stalwart brothers Lees, in the Renfrew half-back line, put in a lot of hard graft, although both were at times inclined to use their avoirdupois more than is sanctioned by the rules.

Grant was a hustler at centre forward for Renfrew, and his lightning bursts through at times thrilled the crowd, but Paisley's two Macs, M'Leod and M'Quade, at back had a fine understanding, and if one was beat in a rush in on goal the other chipped in opportunely and saved Internationalist goalie Alec Hart from being too seriously troubled. But he was badly supported by either wing, Dick being very timid on the extreme left against a hustler like M'Leod, while Parker, although more useful to his side, persisted in driving the ball behind instead of squaring it across to the waiting Grant.

When I mention that both goalkeepers probably did not have to save a dozen direct shots between them, an idea of the utter absence of sharpshooting forwards will be realised. If no better than Renfrew, St Mirren Juniors were certainly no worse. The Love Street defence was tip-top, and there were few narrow squeaks in front of Alec Hart's charge. M'Quade kicked a very long ball, and was robust to a degree in his tackling, but his partner was no passenger. At centre half M'Daid was frequently in the wars, and the lanky pivot was off the field more than once for repairs and bandages, but he got a special and general cheer for his pluck in playing on when the shelter of the dressing-room would have been the more appropriate place for one so bloodstained as he. Hayman and Peters were grafters, with little idea of accurate placing, but they did manage to get the ball away.

In the forward line there was not a star. The poverty in shooting was marked throughout the game, although once or twice Dorward and Rodger, the extreme wingers, did direct the ball pretty near the goal posts. Big Alec Lees gave centre forward Leitch not an inch of rope, and the whole forward play suffered in consequence of the snuffing out of the Paisley centre. There was one unusual incident in the game, and that was when Alec Hart was penalised for carrying the ball outside the box. Many of those in the crowd remarked that this was the first time in which they had seen an infringement of this new rule.

SPLENDID SPORT AT DUMBARTON.

Dumbarton F.C. and Bellahouston Harriers sports were held at Boghead Park yesterday in brilliant sunshine. There was an attendance of 5000 when proceedings started. Principal results:—

100 Yards Flat Race Handicap (open)—1 J. B. Bell, Bellahouston H. (5); 2 J. M'Faddin, Shettleston H., (5½); 3 George Hamilton, Maryhill H. (2); 4 W. Wilson, Shettleston H. (4). Time, 10 secs.

Willie Quinn got the runners off to a pretty start. Bell forged ahead at seventy yards. George Hamilton made a great effort, but the schoolboy champion won on the tape. The winner had a magnificent reception at the finish.

Half-Mile Flat Race Handicap (open)—1 A. Barrie, Shettleston H. (39); 2 A. Mair, Bellahouston H. (55); 3 S. Small, Bellahouston H. (35). Time, 2 min. 8 secs.

Barrie went to the head of affairs at half a lap to go, and won by five yards.

Schools Relay Race (under 14 years)—1 Dumbarton Academy, 2 Hamilton Crescent. Won by ten yards.

220 Yards Flat Race Handicap (open)—1 J. B. Bell, Bellahouston H. (12); 2 A. Gordon, Bellahouston (10); 3 A. Ashley, Glenpark H. (16). Time, 23 7-5th secs.

Bell jumped to the front in the first fifty, and, running with plenty of dash, won by two yards. A popular victory.

Two Miles Flat Handicap (open)—1 J. G. Haggerty, Eglinton H. (200); 2 George Tudhope, Shettleston H. (200); 3 A. M'Gregor, Clydebank H. (210). Time, 10 min. 12 secs.

The winner showed a rare turn of speed, and won by ten yards.

Five-a-Side Football (Invitation)—First Round — Clydebank —Blair (Kilmarnock), Neish, Shortt, Martin, and Shimmin—beat Celtic—Livingstone, Brodie (Dumbarton Harp), M'Lean, Browning, and M'Coll—by one goal to nil. Neish scored. Dumbarton Harp—M'Callum, Watson, Meldrum, Duffy, and Ferguson—beat Queen's—Duncan, Neilson, Patterson, M'Millan, and A. L. Morton—one goal to nil. Ferguson scored.

First Semi-Final — Dumbarton — Thom, M'Grory, Raeside, Hutchison, and Semple—beat R.F.A. (Maryhill) two goals to nil. R.F.A.—Brownlie (Third), Fletcher (Barnsley), Ingram (Ayr United), Walker (Queen's), and Scott Duncan (Rangers). Thom scored both goals.

Second Semi-Final—Clydebank beat Dumbarton Harp.

Final Tie—Clydebank beat Dumbarton, after extra time, by one goal to nil. Shimmin scored for Clydebank.

Sir George Denny presented the prizes.

HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS AT HAMPDEN.

The "High" held their annual at Hampden Park yesterday. The scheduled events numbered forty-eight, and the sport provided was well up to former years. Interest centred in the school championship events, which numbered eight, and the championship went to C. M. Allan, who claimed a total of twelve points, C. Walker being runner-up with eleven. The following are the principal final results:—

120 Yards Hurdles (S.C.E.)—1 C. M. Allan, 2 A. Grant, 3 J. Scott.

Putting the Weight (S.C.E.)—1 D. Osmokrawitch, 2 D. A. Ford, 3 C. M. Allan. Distance, 34 ft. 10½ in.

Broad Jump (S.C.E.)—1 A. Grant, 2 J. Scott, 3 H. Walker. Distance, 17 ft.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (S.C.E.)—1 F. Longbottom, 2 G. A. Smith, 3 H. Watson. Distance, 83 yds. 1 ft.

100 Yards Flat Race (S.C.E.)—1 H. Walker, 2 A. M. Allan, 3 G. A. Smith. Time, 11 3-5ths.

One Mile Flat Race (S.C.E.)—1 J. Scott, 2 W. K. Fairlie, 3 W. A. S. Thom. Time, 5 min. 3 sec. This constitutes a school record, as it beats J. M. Williams' time of last year by 6 sec.

High Jump (S.C.E.)—1 F. Longbottom, 2 K. R. H. Murray, 3 W. A. S. Thom. 4 ft. 9 in.

440 Yards Flat Race (S.C.E.) — 1 H. Walker, 2 C. M. Allan, 3 G. A. Smith. Time, 59 4-5th secs.

The open 300 yards went to G. Mackie off 23, at 35 4-5ths.

The quarter-mile, open to the school, claimed a lot of attention, and J. Martinez, J. Rankin, and T. Williams were the placed men.

In the 880 some good pace was shown. R. Carswell, off ten yards, was placed first, W. K. Fairlie (scratch) second, and A. Fleming (80) third.

In the inter-house relay race Keen's House were good winners.

The events were run off at top speed, and T. Keen, as clerk of the course, falls to be congratulated. J. Nutt, the Queen's Park trainer, had charge of the pistol, and S. J. Cornish was timekeeper.

SPORTS AT IBROX.

The Bellahouston Academy held their annual athletic sports at Ibrox Park yesterday. Principal results:—

100 Yards (School Championship)—1 W. Goldie, 2 M. Geddes, 3 J. Allan. Time, 11 3-5 secs.

220 Yards Race—Form 1 (Boys)—1 D. Falconer, 2 R. Dunn, 3 J. Anderson.

Hockey—A team of former pupils beat the present pupils by 2-1.

High Jump (School Championship)—1 J. Allan (4 ft. 5 in.) 2 N. Tosh; M. Geddes, A. Murray, and A. M'Donald tied for 3d place.

Broad Jump (School Championship)—1 W. Goldie (15 ft. 10 in.), 2 N. Tosh, 3 W. M'Andrew.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (School Championship)—1 N. Tosh (68 yds.), 2 W. M'Andrew, 3 A. Murray.

The school championship was decided on the following events:—100 yards, quarter-mile, high jump, broad jump, throwing the leather, and four competitors tieing for second place in the "high" led to the unusual conclusion of three competitors tieing for the school honours at seven points each. These were Wm Goldie, Matthew Geddes, and Norman Tosh. J. Allan was runner-up at five.

Mr W. Struth, of the Rangers, was starter, and Mr James Meiklejohn was clerk of the course.

MILITARY MEET AT KIRKCALDY.

The Training Reserve Battalion stationed in the Kirkcaldy district held a War Fund sports meeting yesterday at Stark's Park. There was a large attendance. Results:—

Corporals' Race—1 Lindsay, 2 Preston, 3 Hunter.
Sergeants' Race—1 Lance-Sergeant Sandiford, 2 Sergeant Gatteridge, 3 Company-Sergeant-Major Hoile.
Boxing Finals—7 st. 4 lbs., Harcus (C Coy.); 8 st. 6 lbs., Clark (A Coy.); 9 st. 6 lbs., Carruthers (E Coy.); over 9 st. 6 lbs., Lance-Corporal Fisher (C Coy.).
Mile Race (open)—1 Lance-Corporal Smith (R.E.), 2 Private Scott (K.O.S.B.).
100 Yards (open)—1 Lance-Sergeant Sandiford (R.S.), 2 Sergeant Gatteridge (R.S.).
High Jump—1 Lance-Corporal Ormiston (E Coy.), 4 ft. 9 in.; 2 Private Buchanan (B Coy.), 4 ft. 6 in.; 3 Private Hazel (B Coy.), 4 ft. 5 in.
Inter-Company Cross Country Race—1 B coy., 2 F Coy., 3 A Coy.
Pillow Fight—1 Smith, 2 Cooper, 3 Graham, 4 White.
Long Jump—1 Private Balderstone (B Coy.), 15 ft. 9 in.; 2 Private Hazel (B Coy.), 15 ft. 5 in.; 3 Private Gilmour (E Coy.), 15 ft. 2 in.
Inter-Company Relay Race—1 E Coy., 2 A Coy., 3 F Coy.
Tug-of-War—1 Kirkcaldy Police, 2 H.S. Labour Coy. (Kinghorn).
220 Yards—1 M'Call (F Coy.), 2 M'Pherson (B Coy.), 3 Hannah (B Coy.).
440 Yards (open)—1 Lance-Sergeant Sandiford (R.S.), 2 Coy.-Sergeant-Major Hoile (R.S.), 3 Lance-Corporal Buchanan (H.S. Labour Coy., Kinghorn).
Bomb-Throwing—1 Martin (E Coy.), 2 Gilchrist (C Coy.), 3 Niven (E Coy.), 4 M'Gregor (C Coy.).
Mile Race—1 and 2 Robertson (C Coy.) and Chalmers (E Coy.), 3 Galloway (E Coy.), 4 Bailey (F Coy.).
Three-Legged Race—1 Devlin and M'Call (F Coy.), 2 Locke and Jenkins (E Coy.).

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP—FINAL.
Renfrew Juniors, .. 0 St Mirren Juniors, 0

LUMLEY CUP—FINAL.
Winchburgh Violet, 1 Leith Benburb, ... 2

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.
Parkhead, ... 4 Cambuslang Rangers, 0
Bellshill Athletic, .. 1 Petershill, ... 1
Pollok, ... 2 Benburb, ... 1
Shettleston, ... 5 Maryhill, ... 2

GLASGOW JUVENILE CUP—SEMI-FINAL.
Anderston Thornbank, 3 Glasgow Overton, .. 0

STIRLINGSHIRE JUNIOR CUP—FINAL.
Denny Hibs, ... 2 Kilsyth Rangers, .. 0

DISTRICT CUP—SEMI-FINAL.
Croy Celtic, ... 4 Kilsyth Emmet, ... 2

QUOITING.

BY "DISC."

The latest in pitching circles is that "Bauldy" Nelson has thrown in his lot with the Motherwell club. A good catch, Mr Stewart.

Winter's offer to Tom Weir is still open, which proves that Hughie is the "sport" claimed by the Crosslee men. Come to terms, Tom, and "Disc" will set the ball arolling now the weather is good.

Here's a challenge from Bob Wilson, of Polmont. He offers "Jock" Mushet, of Paisley, a start of ten shots for £10 a-side up. He concedes 39 lbs. weight against Wilson's 20 lbs., and the Maddiston man is willing to travel. Is it on, Jock? Just drop a note to "Disc."

The Scottish Eighteen Yards' Association are running a single-handed championship at Stonehouse on 30th June. The money is:—1st, £2 and medal (value £1); 2d, £1 and medal (value 10s). Any quoiter can compete by becoming a member on payment of 1s, and Joseph Clelland, 3 Windsor Crescent, Kirkintilloch, will take your entry before 23d June.

The second round draw for the Eighteen Yards' Scottish Cup is:—New Stevenston v. Red Row; Bo'ness Central v. Kirkintilloch. Semi-final draw:—North Motherwell v. Kirkmuirhill, New Stevenston or Red Row v. Bo'ness or Kirkintilloch.

Springside are forward with a fifteen yards handicap for 23d June. £4, £2, £1, and 10s are the prizes, and John M'Vie sees fair play and no favour.

As a result of the Stonehouse handicap the following money matches were arranged:—John Kirkwood (Red Row) v. W. Pate (Kirkmuirhill), A. Wilson (Larkhall) v. G. M'Neill (New Stevenston).

Mushet, of Paisley, and Christie, of Motherwell, have fixed up for £10 at 10 yards. Jock's going the short distance.

St Andrew's protested at a special meeting of the Association against Barrhead housing the £100 match on the date granted them for the Wylie Cup competition. There was some "fire," and ultimately Barrhead were ordered to break off the deal. The question now is, will they? I'm advised not, but perhaps better counsel will prevail.

For an all-round sport there's nothing to touch the Scottish president, genial John Bell. As a quoiter, wrestler, boxer, golfer, and rower John's the "goods," and he's clean through and through.

THE WHYTE CUP.

There was a large crowd on the Barrhead green yesterday to witness the competition for this handsome silver cup. T. Ferguson, the winner of the Renfrewshire single-handed championship, was out against P. Leckie, who has won some money stakes this season. Play was of a high standard, and there was little between the men in the opening stages. Leckie ultimately won by three shots.

J. Butters had some difficulty in getting rid of J. Laurie in the same stage. J. Boyd was slow to get into harness, his opponent, P. Grogan, scoring well for a time. Then Boyd came into the limelight, and at the close won by two shots.

CONTEST AT FALKIRK.

A pitching contest for a stake of £20 took place yesterday on the green of Bankside Club, Falkirk, between Hector Mackinlay, Larbert, and George Stoddart, Carron. The game was one of 61 shots. The Larbert player held the lead throughout, and won by 18 shots. Mackinlay, 61; Stoddart, 45.

LANARKSHIRE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The single-handed championship competition of Lanarkshire was played off yesterday on the ground of the Motherwell Club. Ex-Champions Nelson and Borland got their dismissal in the first round, and J. Walkinshaw, a strong favourite for the honour, fell in the second. The holder, J. Davidson, fell in the third, and the championship fell to R. M'Bride, of Larkhall, who beat Tom Spiers in the final bout by 13-6. The gate was £8 17s.

A two days' handicap was started on the Johnstone green yesterday. The entries numbered 92. There were several keen ties. H. Winters, Crosslee, was a shot better than Sam Millar, of the locals, as was W. Scott, Gateside, versus Lauder, Johnstone. The Caswells, of Montgreenan, both got through, as did Tom Weir, of Heriothill. A stirring finish may be looked for next week-end.

Rae and Saunders tried conclusions yesterday in the New Stevenston tournament. Rae is the champion of Linlithgowshire, and Sanderson claims the same Border distinction. Rae led 30 for 28, and at 44 Saunderson was behind with the same margin. The Uphall player made a strong finish, and won by 7 shots. Results:—Rae, 51; Sanderson, 44.

UNUSUAL INCIDENTS.

Unusual incidents were witnessed at the quoiting match at Kilsyth between John Haughton, Banton, and George Tripney, Banknock. After three or four heads had been played it was found there were two pins in one head. Play proceeded for other eight or nine heads before it was found there were two pins also in the other head. The incident gave rise to much talk. Tripney led well up to 11-6, after which Haughton pulled up considerably. Tripney stood 21-18 when Haughton peeled with three singles, and ran ahead. The Banknock player peeled at 29, and amid great excitement took the half-time lead of 31-29. The Banton player maintained his lead, and ran out winner at 61-49.

BOXING.

TWO FOR FLYNN.

Corporal Dan Flynn has just signed for two contests of importance.

On Thursday next he will meet Sergeant Tom Gummer, the well-known Rotherham light-heavy-weight, in a fifteen three minutes rounds contest at the Holborn Stadium, London. The match is at catch-weights, and form suggests that Flynn will be an easy winner. Gummer's recent form has not been impressive.

Flynn will also take the ring on June 18 at the National Sporting Club, London, when he is down to oppose Joe Beckett, of Southampton, in a fifteen rounds contest at 12 st. 7 lbs. for £50 a-side. Beckett is one of the best men in his division in the country, but whether he will be able to get down to the weight agreed upon is a doubtful point indeed. If he succeeds in that, then the contest will be a genuine eliminating affair for the Lonsdale light-heavy-weight belt. It is sure to arouse much attention, and Beckett in all probability will carry most money.

MATCH FOR SID SHIELDS.

Sid Shields, the Rutherglen fly-weight, will appear at the Holborn Stadium on Thursday next, when he is due to box the best of fifteen three-minute rounds with Billy Gassard, of Acton, who gave Walter Ross a good contest at Liverpool. The Acton boy has proved himself to be a very clever boxer, and in his best form he is sure to give Shields a very hard fight. Mr Hollis, of London, will referee.

Tancy Lee may not be able to give Louis Ruddick a return bout on account of military requirements.

If Eddie Beattie and Dan Flynn meet in July it will probably be more of a spar than a contest.

CRICKET.

WEST OF SCOTLAND v. POLOC.

At Shawholm.—West—D. M. Ross, b Burkett, 16; W. J. Cosford, b Sandiford, 3; W. W. Tennant, b Sandiford, 0; W. Plumpton, b Burkett, 19; H. Miles, b Burkett, 0; W. R. Frayer, c Anderson, b Burkett, 8; Cadet W. F. Ross, c Anderson, b Burkett, 7; Lieutenant Collinson, b Burkett, 0; J. F. Murdoch, c Sandiford, b Dinsmore, 6; W. Northrop, not out, 14; J. M. Henderson, c Black, b Burkett, 6; extra, 1—total, 80.

Poloc—W. Linton, b Northrop, 4; B. H. Sandiford, c D. M. Ross, b Northrop, 10; J. Burkett, c Henderson, b Northrop, 22; D. A. Liddell, b Northrop, 0; A. Black, c Tennant, b Northrop, 18; J. Anderson, c Cadet Ross, b Northrop, 2; J. Bradshaw, b Northrop, 11; W. E. Gillespie, b Cadet Ross, 3; A. Welch, not out, 0; J. C. Witherby and W. H. Dinsmore did not bat; extras, 5—total for eight wickets, 73.

For Poloc, J. Burkett had seven wickets for 17, and for the West, Bill Northrop had seven for 30.

Greenock v. Garrison.—At Glenpark. Greenock made 124. Of these West had 39 and John Kerr (not out) 20.

Garrison had 75. Lieutenant Casey made 24, and Greenock won by 49 runs. E. H. Tough took six wickets for 31.

PEDS AT POWDERHALL.

A half-mile foot handicap was run off at Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, yesterday. The handicap, which brought out an entry of over 130 runners, was framed from Private J. Harris (Addiewell and Maxwell (Edinburgh), who were both on the 45 yards mark, the limit being ninety yards. Result:—1 (£5) Reekie (Culross) (85); 2 J. W. M'Millan (Wormit) (65); 3 J. Simpson (Addiewell) (20). Betting—2 to 1 on Reekie, 5 to 2 Simpson, 5 to 1 M'Millan. Won by a yard. Time—1 min. 57 secs.

CHARLIE THOMSON TO GO.

An appeal by the military representative in the case of Charles Thomson, the old Heart of Midlothian, Sunderland, and Scottish International half-back, has been sustained. The local Tribunal granted Thomson conditional exemption till the end of July. The Court, while sustaining the appeal, recommended that Thomson be not called up till the end of this month.

BILLIARDS.

REECE,	...	...	...	18,000
INMAN,	...	...	...	11,141

Our Portrait is of Private J. HAWKINS. Regt. No. 17402, Royal Marine Light Infantry, H.M.S. "Revenge," care of G.P.O., London, who writes:—

"I had Piles very badly indeed, and suffered terrible agony with them for a long time. I had tried many things for them when I happened to see an advertisement of your world-famed Clarke's Blood Mixture in a newspaper, so I decided to try it. The first bottle I found did me a world of good, and so I continued with the Mixture, and after the fourth bottle the piles completely disappeared, and since then I have felt a new man entirely. To any and every sufferer from Piles I wish to give this good advice: 'Try Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"

Clarke's Blood Mixture, by reason of its remarkable blood purifying properties, can be relied upon to give quickly relief and lasting benefit in all cases of Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Sores and Eruptions, Piles, Glandular Swellings, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, Pleasant to take, and free from anything injurious.

ASK FOR AND SEE YOU GET

Clarke's Blood Mixture

"EVERYBODY'S BLOOD PURIFIER."

Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/9 per Bottle.

Your Youngster Days!

Every Picture tells a Story.

DO your remember your youngster days? How you could keep going all day long, and what an appetite you had! How you hated to go to bed at night! How soundly you slept! Why not now?

Is it because you're older, now, that a meal isn't a treat; that you feel tired all the time, and nervous?

No The best athletes are grown men, stronger far than they were as lads.

It's because your habits have changed. As a youngster you ran and exercised all day. Take some exercise now, if it's only walking. Maybe you overwork, eat too much meat, get too little sleep, use alcohol unnecessarily.

Careless habits let uric acid into the blood, weaken the kidneys, and cause backache, rheumatism, urinary disorders, and a dull, drowsy state.

Wake the kidneys. Use Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Go in for simple living for a while. It will do you good, and will lessen your need of medicine.

Send for Free Book on "Moderation, Cheerfulness, and Other Long Life Laws."

Glasgow Example.

On August 13th, 1915, Mr. D. M'Gregor, of 163 Parliamentary Road, Glasgow, said:—"Being out in all sorts of weather I think my rheumatism was brought on by exposure. It started in my right foot and then spread all over me. Cruel pains developed in every part of my body, and I was obliged to lay up. My left wrist was greatly swollen. I was so stiff and sore that I could not bear anything to touch me. The only medicine that did me lasting good was Doan's backache kidney pills. These pills cleansed the kidneys and removed the pains and stiffness, and as I persevered with them I gradually regained good health. I am now keeping very well, and I give Doan's pills the highest possible praise.

(Signed) "D. M'Gregor."

On July 25th, 1916—*nearly twelve months later*—Mr M'Gregor said:—"I have had good health, and kept quite free from rheumatism since Doan's pills cured me of it."

Be sure you ask for DOAN'S, and get DOAN'S—the Pills Mr. M'Gregor had.

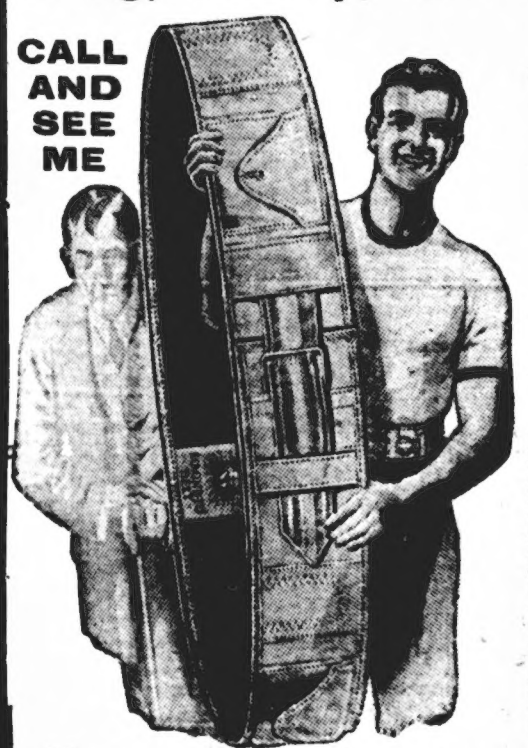
DOAN'S PILLS

DOANS BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS

All dealers, or 2/9 a box, from Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells St., Oxford St., London, W.1.

This Wonderful Magneto Belt has made Thousands of Sufferers Strong, Healthy, and Vigorous.

CALL AND SEE ME



I Will Send YOU one for

1/-

(See Coupon Below.)

From the moment when you put it on its Magnetic Power braces you up, and your body absorbs naturally and freely the magnetism which it contains. Think of the joy of being free from pain, of being strong and vigorous, of being brimful of life, courage, and vitality, and then read the simple, straightforward, and honest offer I make to you in the Coupon below.

"The weak can now be made strong. The anguish of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, can be speedily and permanently banished. Weak Nerves can be built up and made strong. Mind-Wandering can be cured, so can Involuntary Blushing. Lost Will Power can be regained and the whole human body can be rebuilt and revitalised by means of my marvellous Magneto Belt."

TEST IT AT MY EXPENSE.

I want you to test the belt first by actually wearing it, and so I say to you send me 1s only and I will send you the belt.

"NEW LIFE." **COUPON.** POST TO-DAY.

To Mr AMBROSE WILSON,
10 Allen House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London.

Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurements, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Belt" on approval. I enclose 1/-, and if I do not return Belt within " days I will pay you the balance of 4/-, either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/-.

IMPORTANT.—Cross the P.O. thus / /, and make it payable to Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., at G.P.O., London.

Size of my waist is ..... inches.

Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1/- extra to pay postage.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

ACTIVITY IN RUBBER SHARES.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

The Russian situation has hung like a millstone around the neck of the Stock Markets, and only the commencement of an offensive on the part of the Russian Armies will dissipate this uncertainty.

In other respects the position is satisfactory, and the ball has been kept rolling by various special features of strength, more particularly in the industrial market.

Thus the Lipton dividend of 7½ per cent. has fulfilled expectations. Union of N.Z. shareholders have been offered very tempting terms for absorption by the P. and O. Company; the Explosives group has been strongly in the ascendant on the coming combine; and a fresh sweep forward in Marconis indicates important developments in connection with this division.

DISBURSEMENT OF THE WAR LOAN DIVIDEND.

The gilt-edged market has become so accustomed nowadays to thinking in big figures, that comparatively little excitement has been caused by the disbursement of some 40 millions sterling in War Loan dividend.

The bulk of this money will find its way into Exchequer Bonds and War Savings Certificates, but some should also be reinvested in the 5 Per Cent. War Loan at about 94½.

Purchases of this security under par relieve the Government from a burden in the shape of drawing upon the Depreciation Fund for the support of the quotation.

The firmness of War Loan, too, helps all Investment Securities, and thus keeps up the standard of national credit, which is almost as important as putting every available penny into Exchequer Bonds, &c.

RUBBERS ACTIVE, ESPECIALLY YOUNG PRODUCERS.

There has been no sensible falling off in activity in Rubber shares, and it is precisely the shares of the companies which have been most affected by the Excess Profits Duty which have profited most from the persistent investment demand. It is evident that the steps now in progress for obtaining a more equitable incidence of the tax will prove successful; and investors are buying shares on this expectation.

The chief interest has attached to the position of the Lanadron, which earned 28 per cent. for the past year, but could only pay 10 per cent. dividend. It is obvious that these shares would not have recovered to 2 3-16 had there not been high hopes of some remission of the Excess Profits Duty.

The same consideration applies to the various other companies in the same boat.

A company which has escaped this duty altogether is the Johore Rubber Lands, the shares being up at nearly 40s, on the distribution of 15 per cent. for the past year, and expectations of a further substantial increase in the dividend for the current year.

HAND-TO-MOUTH IN THE OIL MARKET.

Business in the Oil Market has been of quite a hand-to mouth character, chiefly in consequence of the uneasiness as regards the Russian situation, and rumours of unrest in the Baku and other Oil districts.

On the other hand, the shares of companies altogether outside the Russian sphere of influence have given a good account of themselves, more particularly Mexican Eagles and Lobitos Oilfields, precisely the shares which have from time to time been specially singled out in these columns as amongst the pick of the Oil bunch.

REVIVAL OF INTEREST IN KAFFIRS.

It is not surprising that interest should revive in Kaffir shares, as in another week the announcement of the June dividends are due. These should be fairly satisfactory, especially those of the Modder Group.

New Modderfontein are very strong, and Modder Deep are expected to pay a very considerable increase in the interim dividend, which was 30 per cent. last year, and should be considerably higher, as there is £60,000 more profit for the six months.

The Geduld Proprietary also shows considerable increase in profits.

RHODESIANS RATHER DULL.

There is not much doing in Rhodesians, and Chartered shares are down at 12s 3d, but Tanganyika Concessions are very strong at the recent advance, as very large profits are being made through the Union Miniere.

In Diamonds, De Beers Deferred have been largely bought on rumours that a dividend of 10s may be paid, and an additional bonus of the same amount at the end of June.

BARRIERS CONTINUE UPWARD.

There is no doubt about the growing importance of the Barrier Field, especially as the British Government guarantee a profitable price for Zinc for several years after the war. This is the real reason of the recent advance, especially in British Broken Hill, which have again risen to 35s 3d, while Zinc Corporation are considerably above 20s. Burma Corporation, on the other hand, are weak.

It will be necessary for the outlook to be very much clearer before it would be safe to touch Russian mines.

RELAPSE IN TIN.

After an almost uninterrupted rise in Standard Tin to £255, a sharp relapse has come to-day to £248, and this, no doubt, will interfere with the improvement in Nigerian Tin shares which has been in progress, and had, amongst others, put up Jantars to over 24s, being quite a jump.

On the other hand, amongst Cornish shares, East Pool are up to 41s 6d, while South Crofty have eased to 21s 6d. Copper is very quiet, and Copper Mines are inactive.

HE WAS BALD

His Hair Grew

The American merchant, Mr Brittain, who was almost completely bald for several years, found a wonderfully efficacious hair-growing compound while engaged in dealing with the Cherokees—a tribe of Indians noted for their long and beautiful hair.

In a very short time the large spot, hitherto bald, was completely covered with luxuriant growth, which Mr Brittain has retained until now, his sixty-fifth year. Think of it—he was bald for years.

The mixture is prepared according to the secret formula of the Cherokees, and contains potential ingredients. In a large number of cases it has proved itself a quick and reliable hair grower. It stops hair from falling out. It eliminates scurf as well. Either sex may use it.

A Box for You.

Any reader of this notice who would like a testing box may obtain one, post paid, also descriptive pamphlet and circulars, by sending sixpence in stamps or a 6d postal order to Mr J Hart Brittain (90 H.), 2 Percy Street, London, W.1. This notice should be cut out and kept and shown to others, as it may not appear again.

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS

TRADE MARK

are the best remedy for Children Teething; quieting their restlessness, regulating their bowels, and improving their digestion, health, and spirits.

See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Of Chemists and Drug Stores — 1/1½ and 2/9 per packet.

125, New North Road, London, N.

RHEUMATISM-KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Rheumatism, backache, lumbago, sciatica, gout, urinary trouble, stone, gravel, dropsy, are the result of excessive uric acid. Estora Tablets, a specific based on modern medical science, are the successful treatment. 1/3 per box of 40 tablets, or 6 for 6/9, all chemists, or post free from Estora Co., 132 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.

FREEMANS CUSTARD

There's nothing else quite so good.

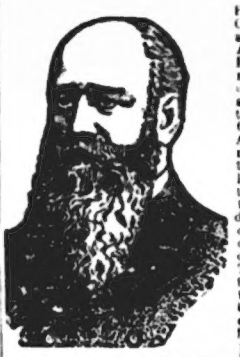
DEVONSHIRE

PILES CURED

Without Aid of Knife
Absolutely Guaranteed

FREE 5/- TREATMENT TO EVERY SUFFERER

For many years we have been successfully treating Patients suffering from Piles, Ulcer, Fissure Prolapse, Tumours, Constipation, and all Rectal Trouble. A neglected case of Piles will not only not cure itself, but is very dangerous, as it may lead to the deadly Cancer. Our Three Fold Absorption Treatment is constitutional as well as local, and causes the swollen Piles to shrink up and disappear. To every sufferer writing at once we will send our Regular 5s Treatment Free to try. All we ask is that, if you receive benefit, you will send us 5s; if you feel that you have not received benefit, then do not send us a penny. All correspondence is strictly confidential, and the regular 5s Treatment will be sent to you in plain cover, securely sealed, and can be used in the privacy of your own home. Owing to the increased postage rates, we should appreciate the enclosure of 3d in stamps from *bona-fide* inquirers. Write at once to The Dr. G. W. Van Vleck Co., Ltd., K.H. 3 Esuciare House, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.



GILES W. VAN VLECK. M.D., LL.D.

OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE

To Growers of VEGETABLES AND FRUIT.

THE BEST PREVENTIVE for SLUGS, CATERPILLAR, and OTHER INSECT PESTS is to SPRAY ALL PLANTS with Paterson's

CLENSEL

The Safest, Cheapest, and most effective Insecticide obtainable. Sold everywhere. Large bottles 7½d.

Full directions on every bottle.

Sole Manufacturers—

JOHN PATERSON & CO. CLENSEL WORKS, Henrietta Street, Glasgow, E.

"GET IT AT ANDERSON'S"

HAIR DYE, in Auburn, Blonde, Brown, and Black Colours. SAFE and SPEEDY. Bottles, 1/3 each.

HAIR RESTORER, Renews Grey or Faded Hair to its Natural Colour Gradually. Bots., 1/3 each.

HAIR DESTROYER, to Remove Superfluous Hairs. Bots., 1/3 each.

JAMES ANDERSON'S DRUG STORES, COMMERCIAL STREET, DUNDEE.

The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines at Wholesale Prices.

£5-5/-

EVERYTHING FOR YOUR CYCLE

Outer Covers (guaranteed), from 3s 9d each; Inner Tubes, from 1s 11d each. Second-Hand Cycles, from 30s. Large stock of Chains, Free Wheels, Saddles, Pedals, Inflators, Lamps, Bells, Handle Bars, Brakes. WE WILL BUY YOUR OLD CYCLE. BROWN CYCLE CO., LTD., 168 Buchanan St., GLASGOW.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

Through incessant recommendations of those cured, the demand is so overwhelming that every Chemist is rapidly exhausted. You can send Postal Order for 3s or 5s to 640 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, and bottle will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION,

BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The Marvellous Specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—
- CHRONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING
- TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS
- LUNG TROUBLE WHEN SANATORIA AND MEDICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED.
- BLOOD SPITTING
- BRONCHIAL CATARRH
- PNEUMONIA
- LARYNGITIS
- NIGHT SWEATS
- INFLUENZA
- DIFFICULT BREATHING
- QUINSY —CROUP
- NASAL CATARRH
- RACKING COUGH
- CHOKING PHLEGM
- EMPHYSEMA

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis, it will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mr G. Ward, Brentwood, Essex, who is a Male Nurse in charge of the Hospital Ward, writes as follows:—"The Patient, whose cough and breathing were very bad indeed, and who suffered from night sweats and lung trouble, had already paid 25s for a month's treatment of a so-called remedy, but I must say not half the relief was obtained from the whole of that treatment as the first dose of "Liqufruta" gave. The results were most wonderful, and I only wish for the sake of others that I had known the remedial properties contained in "Liqufruta" some three years ago, for I had twelve cases of Consumption under my charge, to whom the doctors could render no visible relief, and to whom "Liqufruta" would have been more than a mercy.

Just what happened to this Patient, who suffered from Consumption, can happen to you—will happen to you—for there never has been a failure yet.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 680 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, or direct and Post Free from Mr W. Home-Newcombe, 640 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liqufruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

FACTS ABOUT TRIESTE.

Trieste is the principal seaport city of the Austrian Empire. It consists of an old town, built on the declivity of a steep hill, and the well-built new town, bordering the sea, on a plain at its base. The city is partially intersected by the Maria Theresa Canal, and possesses a magnificent harbour. Although of importance under the Romans, its subsequent prosperity dated from its declaration as a free port in 1719, but it ceased to be a free port in 1891, since which date its trade has shown a diminution. It has a population of about 150,000.

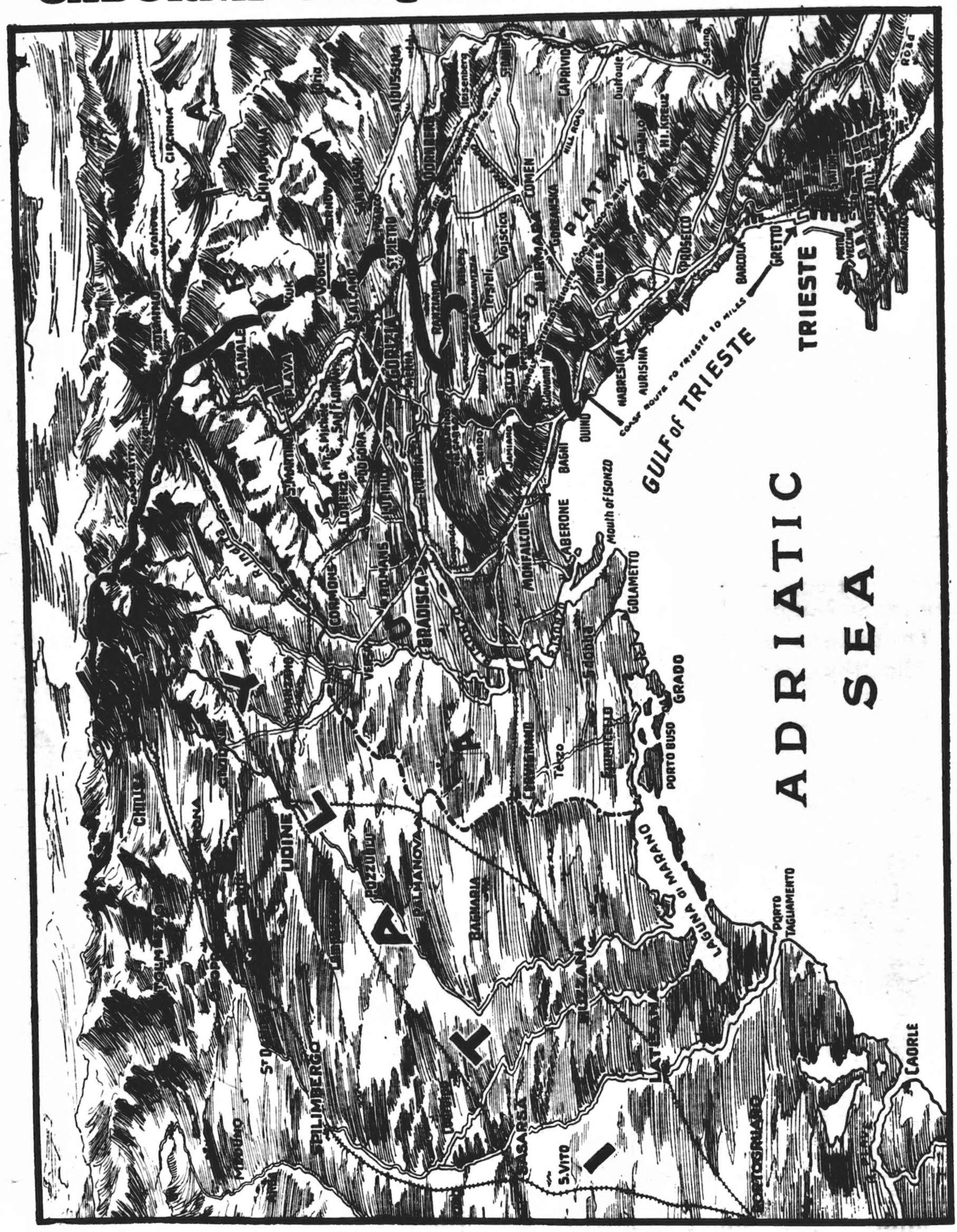
The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, JUNE 3, 1917.

GENERAL CADORNA'S SUBTLE STRATEGY.

Further proof of General Cadorna's brilliancy as a strategist is forthcoming in the calamity which he is directing with pronounced success in the Southern Carso. The enemy had flamboyantly heralded an attack in the Trentino, and the Italian Commander-in-Chief dissolved the Austrians into believing that he regarded this movement seriously. Meantime Cadorna subtly made plans for a double feint above and below Gorizia, at points precisely where the enemy expected the summer push to take place. At the same moment Cadorna delivered his real attack southward to the coast.

CADORNA CONQUERING THE CARSO.


GULF of TRIESTE
TRIESTE
ADRIATIC SEA
GORIZIA
PLATEAU
CARSO
HERMADA
DUINO
MONFALCONE
GRADO
UDINE
PALMANOVA
CAORLE
PORTO BUSO
PORTO TAGLIAMENTO
LAGUNA DI MARANO
GOLAMETTO
BARCOLA
GRETTO
PROSECCO
OPCINA
AURISINA
NABRESINA
DUINO
BAGNI
ABERONE
Mouth of ISONZO
S. VITO
CASARSA
SPILIMBERGO
POZZUOLO
BAGNARIA
CODROIPO
CIVIDALE
CORMONS
BRADISCA
SAGRADO
SAN FLORIANO
PLAVA
CANALE
CIRCHINA
Oslavia
Voisca
Tersheli
Doberdo
Jamiano
Sdraussina
Lukatic
Lokvica
Hermada
Duhouje
Sesana
Road
Trieste
Arsenal
Mt. Kreuz
Strmec
Dubie
Lomen
Goreanska
Hill Road
Kuk
Vodice
Sabotino
Mt. S. Michele
Mt. S. Martino
Oslavia
Versa
Romans
Tolmino
Chiusa
Gradisca
Monfalcone
Aberone
Golametto
Grado
Porto Buso
Tagliamento
Caorle
Casarsa
S. Vito
Spilimbergo
Udine
Pozzuolo
Palmanova
Bagnaria
Codroipo
Cividale
Corno di Medeazza
Monte Cuarnan
Monte Matajur
Monte Mia
Monte Nero
Krn
Rombon
Tolmino
Caporetto
Plava
Canale
Circhina
Oslavia
Gorizia
Sabotino
Kuk
Vodice
Sdraussina
Lukatic
Lokvica
Hermada
Duhouje
Sesana
Road
Trieste
Arsenal
Mt. Kreuz
Strmec
Dubie
Lomen
Goreanska
Hill Road
Voisca
Tersheli
Doberdo
Jamiano